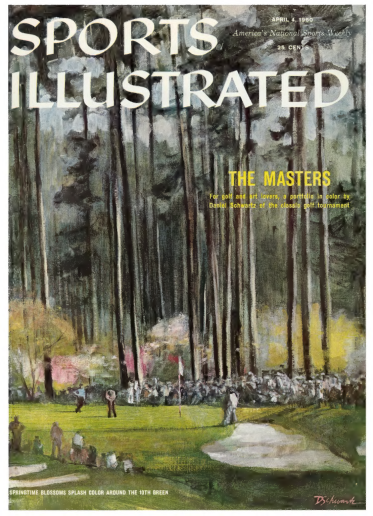




SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

APRIL 4, 1980

America's National Sports Weekly

35 CENTS

THE MASTERS

For golf and art lovers, a portfolio in color by
Daniel Schwartz of the classic golf tournament

SPRINGTIME BLOSSOMS SPLASH COLOR AROUND THE 19TH GREEN

D. Schwartz

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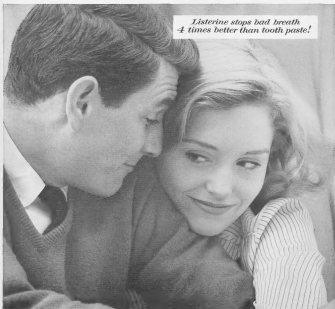
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Next week the top gallery in the world will be teeing off at the Augusta National Golf Club in search of one of sport's most prized championships, The Masters (see page 32).

Painting by David Scheraga



Next week



▶ The copy of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** which many readers look forward to all spring is the special baseball issue. On the newsstands next week, it will present a preview of what is expected during the coming season, detailed scouting reports on all 161 major league teams, portraits in color of last year's most valuable players and an unusual drawing of famous old Coney Island Park. In addition, there will be the usual blend of news stories and regular features, including the Florida Derby, AAU swimming championships, Olympic basketball trials.

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Contents

APRIL 4, 1968 Volume 22, Number 21

- 14 **A Win over Mighty Moss**
Belgian Driver Gendebien parlayed an even disposition and a fine car into victory at Sebring
- 18 **New Faces of 1960**
A look at five unpublished rookies who have won big league jobs
- 22 **Introducing an Olympic Row**
First look at Sculptor Emilio Greco's unclassically flat-chested Olympian symbol
- 35 **The Lords and Leisure**
Britain's peers dine with rim and sip the ice and shade of idle time
- 36 **The Unhappiest Millionaire**
Walter Wolfner is moving his pro football team to greener pastures, but he isn't pleased
- 42 **The Strategy of Streams**
Part II of Wet-dry Fishing tells what James Leisnering learned about water
- 52 **Spectacle: The Elegant Masters**
Four paintings of the players, the people and the course that make up a proud monument
- 58 **Chamberlain's Big Mistake**
Baseball's amazing rookie gets off the wrong time for the wrong reasons
- 68 **Trail Blazers in California**
Heavy Romney finds social conversations in a reality in the West. Served of two parts

The departments

- 11 Scoreboard
- 22 Wonderful World
- 28 Events & Discoveries
- 55 Basketball
- 60 Charles Goren
- 61 Wrestling
- 64 Horse Racing
- 81 19th Hole
- 84 Pat on the Back

Acknowledgments on page 11

PIPER PICKS while Robt. Burns



Peter Piper picked a pipe that tasted like a peck of pickled peppers. Then Peter Piper picked a pack of Panatelas . . . Robt. Burns Panatelas, with Smooth Smoke® binder, a lighter wrapper and fine Havana filler. Peter Piper picked 'em and is Peter Piper pleased! You will be too. Pick a pack.

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MEMO from the publisher

Again the poor man's experts, some 44 intrepid members of our noneditorial staff, have gone on record with their pennant-race predictions. The consensus:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
New York	15	12	7	5	2			
Chicago	14	11	16	5				
Cleveland	11	10	10	6	2			
Detroit	1	5	10	15	13			
Baltimore		1	5	11	12	11	6	
Kansas City				2	2	15	18	6
Boston					12	12	13	7
Washington						6	7	10

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
San Francisco	26	14	6					
Milwaukee	15	16	9	4				
Los Angeles	5	13	15	7	3	1		
Pittsburgh			8	11	15	8	2	
Cincinnati				5	10	13	10	5
Chicago		1	1	6	10	12	8	6
St. Louis				4	3	9	24	4
Philadelphia				3		2	7	14

In my spring book it looks like this:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

- 1 Chicago
- 2 Detroit
- 3 New York
- 4 Cleveland
- 5 Boston
- 6 Baltimore
- 7 Kansas City
- 8 Washington

NATIONAL LEAGUE

- 1 San Francisco
- 2 Milwaukee
- 3 Pittsburgh
- 4 Los Angeles
- 5 St. Louis
- 6 Cincinnati
- 7 Philadelphia
- 8 Chicago

What's your guess?

AMERICAN LEAGUE

- 1 _____
- 2 _____
- 3 _____
- 4 _____
- 5 _____
- 6 _____
- 7 _____
- 8 _____

NATIONAL LEAGUE

- 1 _____
- 2 _____
- 3 _____
- 4 _____
- 5 _____
- 6 _____
- 7 _____
- 8 _____

Don't forget that next week's Annual Baseball Issue may make you want to change your mind. That's allowed—any time until Opening Day.

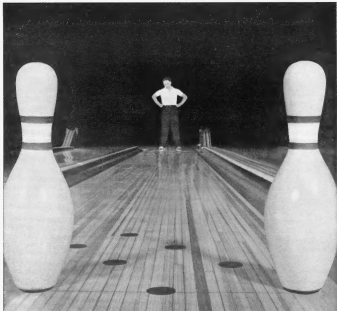
Arthur Murphy

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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

TRACK & FIELD—Stepping into the short-pat circle at Los Angeles meet, Eastern Cal's Darin Long—who nearly missed the event by oversleeping—carefully cradled 16-pound ball under his chin, waggled his head, jerked in a deep breath and heaved the weight a wondrous 64 feet, 8½ inches. Only moments before Dave Davis of Los Angeles had given impetus to Long's effort by himself coming one 68 feet 19½ inches. Both Long and Davis thereby exceeded world mark of 62 feet 3½ inches. "I am sure



◎ 讀者來信 ◎

felt is possible in the next few years," said a jubilant Long. "Yes, you could consider that my ultimate goal."

BOXING—The Golden Gloves championship ended in Madison Square Garden with Clegg taking the town title 12-1 over New York. Outstanding fighter and top Olympic prospect was **Cassius Marshall Clay**, 21, an 18-year-old high school senior from Louisville, who was a third-round TKO in the heavy-weight division. Clay attributed his winning style to four losses. "I copied my last book from Floyd Patterson," said Clay. "My infighting from Ray Robinson, my backpedaling from Hurricane Jackson and my shuffle from Kid Gavilan."

Jeffrey Davis, of Mobile, Ala., scored last-est victory of the evening, won 174-pound title in 37 seconds of the first round with grounding rights to the law.

FOR THE SECOND

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SONNY LISTON, world-middling heavyweight
champion, 2-time FAO and Olympic fighter,
Houston

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RENNET 790MP000, Norman line, cotton-
cotton, Malabar Square London. No. 12 to 14 only
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RANDALL, M. IN PINK, Long Park, Fla., near Jeremy Goheen's 1 and 2 lot North and South corners corner chapelway, Gresham, N.J.

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[illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

University of British Columbia 95-2 101 World Cup
Stadium, Vancouver, B.C.

SHANE SWENHAM, Colorado, swenham@cox.net

DAVE BUTTE, Colorado, described ROBT KO-
LN, Mexican, 4 years, 5'11 1/2, 150, blue-
eyes, dark, long hair, WADSWORTH MANSION.

THE RESULTS OF THE FRANKLIN PERRY
 A BATTLE IN AMERICAN COLONIAL WAR, WILL BE SHOWN

Joseph, New York, P.P. 4., Journal for the daily and
The Evening Times and the 21, scholarship
and conflict on the other names. Information

Flower, across one of several "most useful" poems, Hawthorne's *Red Leaves*, in *Whisper of the Heart*, also written about Hawthorne and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

These are the subjects of possible words:

"Tucker is Every's Chance"
True of heat runs, and fiercer than leads,
Tucker and Every's Chance.

Fastidiously pricking our conscience needles,
Mixing a clinical hit with a double
Whammy that can leave us with nothing but trouble!

DEED, JOHN C. 1850-1925, 12, sports columnist and author, son of Steve Gordon, 21, a hard school

while working on an obituary article on F.P.A. labors in New York. From his father, John Lawrence Labovitz, a lifelong lover of music, particularly

From 1911 to 1918 Lardner was sports columnist and was

independent by the North American Newspaper Alliance, *United Newsweek* is sports columnist
 14. 1/1/10

DIED: DOROTHY RICE SIMS, 60, of New York, bridge player, musician, author, in Cuba, Sept. 20, on a round-the-world tour. Mrs. Sims

was one of the first women meteorologists left with Rank 210 in 1920 for spending at 10 cents, later became a wife and in 1917 instructor Columbia

gradually in being as part of the war effort. It was in P. Nat. Sims, creative world bridge champion, the personified the poetic old, wrote such books as

Adapted as *Forever Bidding Goodbye* and *How to Live on a Beach*, as well as an autobiography, *Carmen and Camarero*.

DAVID GRANGE F. THOMPSON, 41, Tampa Tribune photographer, at left, in rear of daly, when wife drives by River Drive Market, who can

also failed, slipped on a curb and came down on his hip.

CONTINUED

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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SCOREBOARD continued

faces in the crowd . . .



BARBARA FRIEDMAN, 28, a University of Pennsylvania freshman from Miami, won the 100-yard freestyle in 1:38.5 at Penn-Penn's dual meet in Philadelphia, broke 16-year-old national freestyle record.



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Power-Flare



"There's a big double difference for you in Wilson's new Dyna-Powered irons with Power-Flare," says former Masters champion Arnold Palmer*. "It's extra distance and added control when the pressure is on."

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DAMAGED BUT VICTORIOUS PORSCHE (ABOVE) AND STIRLING MOSS'S DIRT-CAGE MASERATI (BELOW) WEEP THROUGH SHARP ESS



A WIN OVER MIGHTY MOSS

**A reliable Belgian driving a
doughty Porsche outlasted
England's glamorous racing
star to triumph at Sebring**

by ALFRED WRIGHT

A COUPLE OF DAYS before the start of last Saturday's 12-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance at Sebring, Florida, the boys around a hotel bar were discussing Stirling Moss, the superb English racing driver who had just been signed to handle one of the brand new "bird-cage" Maseratis.

"With Stirling in that new Maser," one of them was saying, "he'll lose the field before the fun begins."

"Yeah," said a skeptic, "if he doesn't lose the Maser's gear box."

For the first eight hours of this longest of all American automobile races, the endurance contest between Stirling Moss and his gear box, to say nothing of the rest of his car, provided a delicious suspense. As most of the 15,000 or so dedicated racing connoisseurs knew, around the twists and turns of a road racing track there is no faster driver in business today than Stirling Moss. But when he is pushing a car to its utmost—as only he can—it is problematical whether his car can survive the pounding of a long grind.

At around six o'clock in the evening, just as it was turning dusk on this ideally warm and sunny day, the predictable happened. Moss drove his white, white-backed Mase-

ratl No. 23 to the pits for the last time. One of the gears in the transmission box was broken beyond repair. At that moment, Moss and Dan Gurney, the young Californian who had been sharing the driving with him, had a good 16-minute lead over the closest of the three Porsches that were trailing them. They had covered more than 700 miles at an average speed of 87.5 miles per hour. Had they continued at that pace to the end, they would have broken by several hundred miles the all-time Sebring record for distance traveled in 12 hours.

It is no reflection on Olivier Gendebien and Hans Hermann, the eventual Sebring winners, that once Moss and Gurney's No. 23 had left the race, the remaining four hours run mostly in darkness were a distinct anticlimax. Three tremendously durable Porsches took over the first three positions, and there was never any doubt that one of them would eventually pull into the victory lane a couple of minutes after the checkered flag was lowered at 10 p.m. The other two Porsches finished second and ninth.

That is not to say that the Porsche victory was anything but popular. As it became inevitable, the regulars around the track were all smiles at the thought that this doughty little plugger of a car was at last to have its innings after so many years as a Sebring also-ran. It was the good old David-and-Goliath situation, for the Porsche's 1.6-liter engine is only half

continued



CURVES ON SERPENTINE SEBRING TRACK





JOHN FITCH ESCAPED INJURY WHEN CORVETTE LOST WHEEL (LEFT), FLIPPED OVER



ED CRAWFORD VAINLY DIGS WITH HANDS

MIGHTY MOSS *revisited*

the size of the larger Maseratis and Ferraris which have dominated past races.

While victory was a novelty for the Porsche, it was anything but for its chauffeurs. Last year Gendebien in a Ferrari shared the winning ride with Gurney and those other Californians, Phil Hill and Chuck Daigh. The year before he was one of the drivers in the second-place Ferrari. A tall, brown-haired and personable Belgian with a reputation as one of the surest and most versatile of the European drivers, Gendebien was able to take the customary pandemonium of the victory lane with an understanding smile—waving the gold cup, kissing the beauty queen, donning the wreath of kumquats and swigging the California champagne with modest good humor. Later he told the press that his was no great feat since the Porsche is so much easier to drive than the bigger, heavier cars.

"We had just a little trouble," it is true," Gendebien said in his attractively halting English. "The clutch regulation was not so perfect. But we were driving the car so carefully, and my partner Hans Hermann was so smooth that whenever I got in the car it was as if I had not left it at all."

Hermann stood by all the while, looking delighted. If not so famous a driver as Gendebien, he, too, is experienced, having been on the Mercedes team in the days of Juan Fangio. At 32, he is four years junior to

Gendebien, but it was not this so much as the language barrier that kept this native of Stuttgart smilingly quist throughout the celebration.

Still and all, it was really Moss's day in the minds of the spectators. For Moss is one of those rare individuals who is always bigger than his surroundings. When Moss is on a race track, your attention is on him. You think about the others only in terms of how they are doing against Moss, for the driver doesn't exist today who can carry Moss's crash helmet.

Once he steps out of the cockpit of his car, however, Stirling Moss is not the prepossessing man you may have imagined him to be. Short and slight of build, he has a sharp, swarthy face and narrow cat-like eyes that seem to scan the world with tolerant disinterest. Yet he has a well-practiced professional courtesy towards the outside world, much like the movie stars used to have in the days when people went to the movies.

In an accent with strong cockney traces, Moss will, if asked, recite

FATALLY INJURED DRIVER JIM HUGHES LIES IN FRONT OF LOTUS UNDER WRECKAGE





TO FREE MASERATI TRAPPED IN SAND



FRED SPRUE TURNED OVER THREE TIMES IN AUSTIN-HEALEY BUT CAME OUT UNHURT

his accomplishments (which are extraordinary) almost as if he were playing a record. He travels, as celebrities are wont to do, inside a wall of friends and hangers-on, one of whom is his father, who once drove at Indianapolis.

When Mom's car falls him before a race is over—as it so frequently does because few cars can stand the kind of punishment his brinkmanship driving gives them—he never seems downcast. He is, literally, a corporation whose major asset is the unavail-

able fact that Stirling Moss, of Stirling Moss, Ltd., is the world's fastest driver. The corporation endorses motorizing products and produces books and weekly articles under the Stirling Moss by-line and earns its namesake a yearly income well into six figures. The paltry winner's share of a race like Sebring means little to a man who just for showing up demands and usually gets far more than the winner's purse. Generally, \$2,500 would be his minimum for a race, and the fee might easily go as high as \$10,000 for a major event.

Without Stirling Moss this year's Sebring race might easily have been a serious artistic bust. For days in advance, the news was concerned more with who wasn't going to be in the race than who was. Not for years had Sebring known such a dearth of the who's who of racing as well as the what's what of cars. The story of the race began to take shape like the plot of a Cameron Hawley novel, perhaps titled, *Big Racecars Enter the Race*.

It all began when word drifted out of Europe that the Ferrari and Porsche works teams would not participate in this year's race because of a gasoline problem. Both, as is customary with European manufacturers, had contracts to use one gasoline exclusively—in this case, Shell. Sebring, as is the custom with some U.S. race tracks, had a contract which barred all but Amoco gasoline from the track. (Amoco puts up \$15,000 prize money at Sebring—\$3,000 to the winning car and the rest to class

winners and also-rans—plus about another \$3,000 in incidentals.) In both instances money is the important consideration. In exchange for same, corporations are able to exclude competitors from the scene. Later they can boast in ads: "So-and-so wins again with Shell," or "The first five cars to finish used Amoco"—but never a mention that so did the last five cars.

EST LA DIFFERENCE

There is a difference of opinion as to just what happened last year when Sebring also had its exclusive contract with Amoco, and Ferrari, equally tied to Shell, entered its works team. There is an equal difference of opinion as to what happened this year. One fact seems clear. All parties were honoring the letters of their contracts. Enzo Ferrari, the tough and temperamental man who builds Ferrari cars, was adamant. Alce Uemars, the impresario of Sebring who took over the race from its founders in the early 1950s and brought it to its present stature, could not be moved. This meant the withdrawal of the top contract drivers working for the Ferrari and Porsche teams. It deprived Sebring of Phil Hill, Tony Brooks and Cliff Allison of England, Wolfgang von Trips of Germany and Jack Brabham of Australia, currently the world driver champion.

The absence of an all-star cast undoubtedly had a marked effect on Sebring's gate last Saturday. Those

continued on page 67

IS BODY OF PHOTOGRAPHER THROWN



NEW FACES OF 1960

Some rookie ballplayers hog headlines—and little else. These five have won big league jobs

IN 16 major league camps sprinkled throughout Florida and Arizona, spring is a time to assess, with care and caution and infinite curiosity, the aching or aging muscles of a Ted Williams, a Stan Musial, a Mickey Mantle. It is also a time to appreciate, with continuing wonder, the blooming health and marvelous skills of a Henry Aaron, an Ernie Banks, an Al Kaline. But to most people—and here a manager is just like any other fan—spring is the time to watch the rookies.

The five presented here are not the most publicized rookies of the 1960 camps or, necessarily, those with the greatest gifts. But while others of exceptional talent and perhaps even greater promise—boys like Tommy Davis and Frank Howard of the Dodgers, Walt Bond of the Indians, Carl Yastrzemski of the Red Sox, J. C. Martin of the White Sox and Tony Curry of the Phils—may go back to the minors for more seasoning, here are rookies who have made it.

Others whom baseball fans across the nation will be seeing in big league uniforms this year are Jim Umbricht and Joe Gibbon of the Pirates, Chuck Estrada of the Orioles, Jim Coker and Pacho Herrera of the Phils, Ken Hamlin of the Athletics, Johnny James and Bill Short of the Yankees. Their names, in most cases unfamiliar today, may be household words tomorrow. Anyway, they are ready to help their ball clubs right now.

CONTINUED

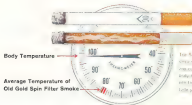


SPRAYING HITS in all fields, extrarunning fly balls, Lou Johnson, a 25-year-old speedster from Lexington, Ky., is the new right-fielder for the Chicago Cubs. A smooth hitter, he has been consistently over .300 in the minors, and this spring it has been almost impossible to get him out.

STARTING LATE because of college (Virginia '54) and two years in the Army, pleasant, soft-spoken Joe Hirsch was kept off White Sox roster until he was almost 37. A deadly hitter at every minor league level, he has been shining this spring, may beat Al Smith for the regular right-field job.



Old Gold's **Spin Filter** spins and cools
the smoke to less than body temperature



The Spin Filter actually improves smoking taste. Every puff you inhale is cooler than the smoke of a regular cigarette. Cooler smoke means the full enjoyment of every tobacco leaf and taste yet in a filter cigarette.



and the cooler the smoke
...the better the taste!

THE BEST TASTE YET IN A FILTER CIGARETTE



SUPER 88 HOLIDAY SPORT SEDAN

Let's get together! Join us for a ride—the smoothest and quietest you ever tried—in a new 1960 Oldsmobile. We'd like to show you what we mean by Rocket action, Wide-Stance stability, Guard-Beam Frame solidness, foam-cushioned comfort. And we'd like to prove that it's mighty satisfying to get out of the ordinary into an Olds . . . and to do business with an Oldsmobile Quality Dealer.

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GO
OLDS
'60!



STEAMSHOVEL AT SHORT, Baltimore's gangling Bo Hanes looks like a 21-year-old Marty Marion, in both size and

defensive skill, none up with everything he has. His problem is at the plate, but Orioles say job is his 71 homers, 220 1/2



STRIKEOUT SENSATION of Senators, who feel he may be Rookie of the Year (certainly no one ever looked more like a rookie), is 21-year-old Jim Kaat. Jim throws with an easy motion, has fine curve and unusual control for young left-hander.



PACKAGE OF POWER Lou Klimchock is 20, quiet, mannerly, has five brothers, comes from Latrobe, Pa. For Kansas City he will be at short or third, not because of grace afield but because of his bat. He hits often and hard, drives in runs.





FLASH BLOUDE, NEW JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, IS CARRIED TRIUMPHANT FROM THE RING AS A SECOND

UPRISING IN MANILA

GABRIEL (FLASH) ELORDE, the young man being hoisted high by his cheering countrymen, is not yet President of the Philippine Republic, but for a few hours the other night he might have had the office by popular acclaim. To the surprise of oddsmakers, Elorde had just taken the junior lightweight championship of the world from an experienced and highly regarded U.S. puncher, Harold Gomes of Providence, R.I.

It was the first world boxing title for the young republic, and it could hardly have come under more pleasing circumstances. Twenty-five thousand Filipino fight fans packed the new Araneta Coliseum in suburban Manila to applaud their challenger in person, and only the threat of a dousing with fire hoses kept 5,000 more from crashing down the gates. Elorde rose to the occasion like a patriot. A powder-puff puncher by reputation, he floored Gomes seven times in seven rounds, seemed at the end to have been harder pressed by the throng of delicious well-wishers than by his ring opponent.

The Flash found victory doubly sweet. It avenged his loss to another American, bunting, elbowing Sandy Saddler, in a title fight four years ago, and it brought him the accolade of a breakfast invitation from Carlos Garcia, President of the republic.

STRUGGLES THROUGH FANS TO HAND HIM A BLOCK OF ICE FOR A BRUISED EYE



DISCREET CROPPERS AT AINTREE

BRECHER'S BROOK (above), the spot most likely to separate the men from the horses, was as busy as ever last week during the 134th running of England's Grand National at Aintree. But though seven jockeys spilled at the devilish brush-and-water obstacle, the race over-all won the ap-



Photograph by Brian Good

please of its traditional critics, The League Against Cruel Sports. There was perhaps a reason: with all England watching the Grand National for the first time on TV, one of the race stewards, the Earl of Selton, no less, had bidden jockeys not to crowd and to use utmost discretion on the

jumps. "There was a definite slowing down of the race," rejoiced The League Against Cruel Sports.

The slowdown, if any, did not hinder favored Merryman II, who won the four-mile-plus race in 9:28 1/5, less than six seconds over the record.

Merryman II (one of eight to finish

out of 26 starters) had his troubles too at Becher's. "When we went over the first time, we were eighth," said Jockey Gerry Scott. "On the second time over we were third, and when Merryman came down I thought he would fall. But his head came up and I brought him all the way in."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Senatorial PUNCH

THE word being whispered around by boxing insiders was that Senator Estes Kefauver wasn't really going to have his subcommittee investigate the fight game after all. But the insiders, as usual, seemed wrong.

"Wishful thinking by the boxing underworld," said the Senator last week when the whispers reached him. The Senate's civil rights filibuster had delayed the hearings, he explained, but "this should not be confused with a lack of resolution on my part to pursue the boxing investigation. I can assure you that enough material has been amassed to hold hearings."

Would boxing puppet-master James D. Norris be called to testify? "I can unequivocally state that no one, including Mr. Norris, has immunity," Kefauver said.

ABC Puts on a Sprint

YOU don't have to be a trend spotter or the son of a trend spotter to spot conscience-stricken television's trend toward more and more hours of sport. ABC (gross billings: \$126 million) is making a particular

ly remarkable sprint this spring in an attempt to overhaul its big rivals CBS (gross billings: \$266 million) and NBC (\$235 million).

Not only has ABC outbid NBC (\$6.3 million to \$5.2 million) for the exclusive rights to broadcast major college football games this fall and next, but it has greatly increased its stakes in baseball and boxing. On all these fronts ABC the other day became the partner of the Gillette Safety Razor Co., the country's No. 1 sports advertiser, with the signing of an \$8.5 million contract for a year-round package.

Besides 50 weeks of boxing starting in October and the 13 afternoons of football, the contract between ABC and Gillette calls for 35 Saturday afternoon baseball games beginning this month.

Now ABC, bidding against NBC, is trying to get TV rights to 54 American Football League games; those nationally televised will be shown Saturday nights and Sundays.

"TV was born to do sports," says Tom Moore, ABC's vice-president. "No programming we can devise has anything like its direct appeal. Its ratings grow and grow and grow. It even beats out westerns."

Between Two Worlds

INEVITABLY, as the world grows smaller and man grows smarter, technology and the wilderness must learn to dwell together in ever increasing intimacy. The Bambi of the future will no longer learn of man from their doe-mothers as if he were a being from a world apart. The fellow will, in all likelihood, be living right next door, and—like many neighbors, no matter how well intentioned—may frequently make a confounded nuisance of himself.

This increasing tendency of man to involve himself in the lives of his new neighbors was frequently—and from some points of view, painfully—in evidence in the news last week. In the neighborhood of St. Paul, Minnesota, for instance, final plans were being made for the attachment of six tiny radio broadcasting sets to the backs of an equal number of wild ruffed grouse in an effort to chart their hitherto untrammelled flights into the wild blue.

In Montreal a chubby 5-year-old black bear was swimming moodily around a tank at the Sportman's Show in the uncomfortable awareness that he was radioactive. In case he tried to forget the fact for even one moment, a wildly clicking scintillation counter provided by Quebec's Game and Fisheries Department was right there at tankside to remind him. And it was probably of small comfort to the bear, who was there to prove a point about the mutual affinity of fish and fallout, to hear the man in charge reassure spectators with the degrading information that he was probably no more dangerous than a baroness wristwatch.

Meanwhile, far out to the west where men used to be mere men and wild animals wild, the Oregon woods

continued

They Said It

BON DRYSDALE, *Los Angeles pitcher, after the team's plane made an emergency landing: "There won't be much delay. We only have to change one sparkplug and 48 undershirts."*

OSCAR ROBERTSON of the University of Cincinnati, greatest scorer in college basketball history, after his last game: "I'm glad it's over. It's like I've been in the house all week and I can finally get out for the weekend."

DOC KRAMER, manager of Archie Moore, after the NBA restored Moore's light-heavyweight championship: "After they give it back, they say, 'When are you gonna defend?' I say, 'In six months. After all, we just win the title back, don't we?'"



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Sam Snead picks a handsome

Famous for winning golf and wearing smart hats, veteran pro Sam Snead now picks for you his favorites from the new Mallory Hat Collection for Spring-Summer.

Like "Slammin' Sammy", you'll find everything you could wish for in hats by Mallory.

The newest styling, the smartest colors, the most exciting bands in many a moon. And now it's more true than ever . . . you just can't beat Mallory quality. At Mallory dealers everywhere.

Mallory

MALLORY HATS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE MARKSMAN hits a new fashion mark with its new squared telescope crown shape and smart narrow brim. The band is textured grosgrain. The color Black Olive. The price \$11.95.



THE BURBANK in Soft Gray, one of the spectacular new Canyon Tones for Spring-Summer wear. Telescope crown, new check band and narrow brim. And it's yours for only \$11.95.



foursome



THE TOURNEY—
charbrown mix telescope style
with woven stripe band and
sporty gold golfing pins. \$51.95.

THE MAKE has a stylish teardrop taper to its open telescope crown. Handsome side stripe band. In the very popular Ivy Mix color and other Spring hues. This season's best buy at \$6.95.

THE QUAD with center crease pinch-front crown and single wing side bow is for the man who likes smart styling in a dress-up hat. Count on the make. You can't buy better quality for \$11.95.



A stylized illustration by V. D'Amico. In the foreground, two men are on a balcony. The man on the left, seen in profile, wears a patterned blazer and holds a camera. The man on the right, with grey hair, wears a brown blazer over a yellow shirt and a red patterned scarf; he leans on the balcony railing with a confident smile. A red box sits on a table in the lower left. In the background, a tennis court is visible under a bright orange awning, with two players on the court. The artist's signature 'V. D'Amico' is in the bottom right corner.

Kujala's, Salinas; Kuri's, Birmingham; Jeter, Mark Co., Butler, Ind.; Dierckx, Saunders, Cox, Means, & Co., Hartford, Conn.; Ayer & Company, Indianapolis; Johnson, Williams, Memphis; Dwyer's, Minneapolis; Ury's, Portland, Me.; Johnson & Sons, New Haven, Conn.; Wilson & Co., New York; Newman Co., Washington, D.C.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

were attired with silver bells fastened around the necks of wandering deer as part of a long-range study of herd migration.

Small wonder then that, with their native wilderness all but wired for sound, the wild deer on Missouri's Knob Noster game refuge suddenly opted for civilization in its entirety and took to dropping around to Farmer Ebbie Adams' place at feeding time to watch TV. According to Ebbie, who lives right next door to the

sportsmen voted to oppose the issue unless it guaranteed the water supply areas be made available for hunting, fishing and bearing as well.

Shrunkén Baseball

A NORTHERN FELLOW with some fresh ideas for the national pastime is Michael John Petois, now 63 but once a director of the Scottdale (Pa.) Cardinals in the Middle Atlantic League. Any player of baseball, says Petois, can better his batting average overnight by practicing his swing against a plastic golf ball delivered from a point midway between the mound and the plate. "This discovery, gentlemen," Petois says with mild immodesty, "is the greatest thing in baseball since Almer Double-day's day."

Berets to accrue from practice with the golf ball, one fifth the size of a baseball and normally used by backyard duffers, include a steady, steady eye and a sophisticated, dead-ly swing, says Petois. After a session with the diminutive ball, he continues, a baseball takes on the aspect of a grapefruit, and can usually be hit even clearing the center-field fence. That the concept has true merit was demonstrated several years ago by Dick Groat of the Pirates and Dale Long of the Cubs.

Petois found Groat in a .254 slump in 1966, he recalls, tutored the shortstop for two hours with the plastic golf ball. Next day, says Petois, Groat got four line drives off Robin Roberts, in no time at all was batting .273. The following summer Petois undertook the resurrection of Long, who was wallowing around at .227. After just one golf lesson (as Petois tells it; Long admits he's fuzzy on the dates and statistics) the outfielder hit two singles and a home run in his next game, two home runs and a single in the game after that. Long finished the season with a .298 average, and his fabled comeback, says Michael Petois, was largely attributable to Michael Petois.

Why, then, is Groat's current average still only .275, Long's only .294? "Because," says Petois, "you can throw gold at some guys and they won't pick it up."

The Tie That Bound

AMONG the many and fanciful A ways men choose to risk their necks, the Cresta sled course at St. Moritz holds a secure position. En route down the precipitous, serpentine, three-quarter-mile case-hardened gully of ice, the sportsman lies flat, belly-whopper style and practically helpless, on a razor-runners, 150-pound steel sled, plummets toward, if not actually into, eternity at upwards of 80 mph. Since 1884 it has been one of the most rousing things a man can try in Switzerland. About 1,400 are now alive who have accomplished it, and they are all theobly entitled to wear the appropriate Cresta Club tie, an affair of wine and gold stripes.

Now, if all goes well, North Americans will shortly have its own Cresta, on the slopes of Canada's Laurentians.

Word of these plans reaches us because a reader and correspondent of ours who lives in Montreal happened to wear something like the Cresta's tie to a dinner party not long ago at Quebec's Mont Tremblant. The tie caught the eye of one Wolcott Robinson, a Philadelphia man and vice-president of Tremblant. Robinson asked if it were the Cresta tie.



Our friend said sorry it was not, but in the ensuing conversation admitted an acquaintanceship with the Cresta course, having once shot down it. He also admitted, as the talk waxed on, an acquaintanceship with Montreal's Doug Connor, 41, Cresta's undisputed world champion (56 seconds for the 1,320-yard nose dive). Our friend suggested that Robinson, who for 10 years has nursed the notion of a Canadian Cresta, ought to talk to Connor, who's had the same idea himself.

Just the other day Robinson, Connor (a helicopter airline executive)

continued



game refuge, the deer come around regularly, pull an ear of corn out of his crib, then position themselves like so many popcorn-crunching teenagers in front of a kitchen window to watch the TV screen while they eat.

If the trend continues, it may well be soon that the only authentically wild animal left will be someone like Old Wily, a one-time respectable horse who went native in New Zealand after his master died in 1937. Baffling volunteer possum and local police alike, Old Wily spent three glorious years running wild and raiding suburban gardens in the neighborhood of Auckland until his capture by a larrikin-swinging circus man last week.

A Little Bit of Fun

ON PAGE 78, in the midst of Henry Romney's survey on social conservatism, New Mexico's Senator Clinton Anderson is quoted as saying that whenever land is attached for public use, some sports-minded person should be there to hold up his hand and say, "I claim a little bit of this for recreation."

In Rhode Island last week, some 7,000 members of the Federated Rhode Island Sportsmen's Clubs did just that. Referring to the state's new plan to take over 11,854 acres of woodlands for use as reservoirs, the

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

and their catalyst friend sat down and drew up provisional plans for a Cresta Club. And this week the three of them mean to hover over the Laurentine slopes of Mount Tremblant in a helicopter until a likely Cresta route presents itself to their searching gaze. Rhapsodized Doug Connor last week: "Tremblant's the best bet by far." Said Robinson: "It's the most exciting project I've worked on in years." Reports our friend: "When we open for business, I'm going to present my tie to the club."



Listen to This

The locker room's on
Flate, at least, where a guy,
When the round is done,
Can improve his lie.
—ROBERT ARNOLD

Putting It to a Vote

ONE THOUSAND senior members of the UCLA faculty, most of whom haven't done a push-up or deep knee bend in 20 years, are being asked this week to vote on an athletic issue which has caused much stress among their university's lowerclassmen. The question: Should UCLA give up its 40-year-old compulsory physical education program for freshmen and sophomores, making all P.E. courses strictly elective?

The education policy committee of UCLA's Academic Senate has recommended that P.E. be put on a voluntary basis, and last week mailed ballots to the faculty to get a vote on the proposal. Along with the ballot came 500-word summaries of both sides of the argument.

Glut of the reasoning of the keep-it-compulsory side, written by Dr. Ben W. Miller, director of physical education, whose son Denny is Hollywood's latest Tazman:

"The students (84.2%) want compulsory P.E. and most U.S. colleges (95%) have it. There is evidence that regular physical education contributes to: improved function (Paul Dudley White, 1957), cardiovascular efficiency (Gemmell, 1936), strength, endurance and agility (Brosha, 1944), rehabilitation following illness (Daniels, 1966), control of obesity (Johnson, 1926), sense of well-being (Bock, 1931), neuromuscular coordination (Jock, 1955), preservation of the above benefits (McCannan, 1958)."

Glut of the make-it-elective position, as offered by Dr. Robert Tschirgi, UCLA's professor of anatomy and physiology:

The need for physical education should be determined in the same way as the requirements for language, science and humanities, i.e., weighed against the student's needs for other courses.

Faculty members have until next week to ponder and decide. Meanwhile the student newspaper, *The Daily Bruin*, needed no such cogitation time, concluded:

"Americans are getting potbellied, chicken-chested and short-winded sooner and more permanently than ever before. Even if many UCLA students will eventually come to lead sedentary lives, is this a reason to deny them at least a few years of good conditioning?"

Togetherness in Portland

IF the 62-million acres comprising Oregon were evenly parceled out to all the men, women and children in the state, everybody would wind up with 35 to himself. In a similar way, if the 50,000 seats comprising Portland's Multnomah Stadium were evenly divided among an average baseball crowd, every patron would have 10 to himself. The story of Portland's minor league troubles is not much different from those of minor league cities everywhere. What the management is doing about it is this: Last week the Portland Beavers

announced that the stadium has been cut down to size. Five-foot fences now enclose the seats between first and third, creating a compact, 6,600-seat stadium-within-a-stadium. Two more fences in the left-field bleachers enclose a 1,300-seat layout. The effect, says Billy Sayles, Beaver assistant general manager, will not only generate more fun and fellowship among the Beaver faithful, but will moreover (and happily) cut cleaning-up and ticket-printing costs by a third. On such auspicious occasions as opening day (a social summit affair in Portland), the fences will come down for a day.

Rewrite by John Thomas

WILLIAM SAROYAN is in England writing a play called *Sam*, the *Highest Jumper of Them All*—or, *The London Comedy*. What is it about? Well, in Saroyan's first version a character explains: "The play is about two hours and 40 minutes, but we're a little over and we hope to eat it down."

Sam, etc., which is only slightly more Methuselah than madness, is also about Sam Hark-Harkalark who lives on East Best-Two-out-of-Three St. Sam develops "delusions of grandeur, paranoia and schizophrenia" and decides he is the world's highest jumper. Throughout the second act a make-shift high-jump bar in Sam's house rises higher and higher until it finally reaches the ceiling. But Sam is convinced he has cleared it and broken all records in the process. It is, perhaps, Saroyan's old allegory about the little man who vaults heroically over disaster.

In Saroyan's latest draft Sam's sanity is restored and he goes back to work as a bank clerk. But Saroyan is still rewriting, taking advantage of history even though the play opens this week. Just the other day he interrupted a rehearsal after an actor recited his line saying that the world high-jump record is seven feet. Whipping out a Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*, Saroyan triumphantly dictated his new line: "Change it to: 'It's seven feet two-and-a-half inches. Chap named John Thomas just did it.'"

THE LORDS AND LEISURE

It may come as a surprise to some, but the fact is that Britain's aristocratic lords are seriously worried about the problem of leisure. Of course, as Lieut. Colonel Arthur Jocelyn Charles Gore, 6th Earl of Arran, put it when he opened the debate in the House of Lords, Britain has had a leisured class "for many hundreds of years, but in the past it comprised only a minute section of the population and with their leisure went great responsibilities. . . . Now we are faced with the prospect of tens of millions of leisured persons with few responsibilities. What," asked Milord of Arran, "are they going to do with their spare time? Judging by present social habits, one envisages a great sea of blank, gaping faces stretching out before innumerable television screens from midday to midnight, with short pauses for the absorption of timed foods recommended on the programmes."

In the view of Viscount Esher, the prospect seemed even bleaker. Letting his mind wander backward through his own leisured childhood, Lord Esher saw a vista of infinite boredom. "In the old days," he said, "great trouble was taken to amuse the limited minds of the rich from the affliction of boredom; shooting and hunting, racing and yachting. Golf and tennis, health resorts and a great deal of changing of clothes among the women helped to fill the long empty hours. Nevertheless, in spite of all that, my grandmother was bored." This trait, Esher went on, was already discernible "in some of my grandchildren."

Viscount Hailsham, the endlessly energetic carbon copy of Sir Winston Churchill who has headed the Tory Party since 1957, had a characteristically brisk answer to the problem in increased government sponsorship of par-

ticipant sports. "Watching or reading about sport certainly takes up more of most people's leisure activity than almost any other single item," said Hailsham. "But there is a danger that we may become a nation of sports viewers instead of a nation of sports players."

With this view, the Right Reverend Roger Plumptre Wilson, Lord Bishop of Chichester, was in complete agreement. "In view of the high cultural level of so much of this debate," he said, "I might almost apologise as a Bishop in propounding this as a first priority."

To get the debate back on its lofty plane, another peer who ranks high in Conservative Party circles went to the dictionary to define the word *leisure* itself. "I made," said Robert Cecil, 5th Marquess Salisbury, whose ancestors, like himself, have been telling England's sovereigns where to get off for centuries, "what was to me an extremely interesting discovery. The oldest meaning of this word—and it is a very old word indeed—was not negative at all, as

it has tended to become. It is a severely positive, even austere word. It meant originally, 'Freedom or opportunity to do something specified.'" This original meaning of the word *leisure*, Bobbety Salisbury went on, is important because it underlies the idea that *leisure* "when properly used is something essentially good." What is certain, he concluded, "is that whatever encourages men and women to broaden their minds, to develop their personalities, to think for themselves and to take their own line is likely in the long term to be to the advantage both of themselves and of their country."

The 11th Duke of Devonshire, Major Andrew Robert Buxton Cavendish, M.C., whose famed ancestress Georgiana directed the leisure of much of the intelligentsia and aristocracy of England's Regency, had a less cerebral but equally optimistic view of the problem. "If I were to introduce a motto for the use of leisure hours," said the handsome Goldstream Guardsman, "I think I would say this: If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly."

"If you get far out of a thing, it does not matter if you do it badly. I play tennis and—though alas, I do it no longer—I used to ride. But I do both abominably. I broke the heart of a chap who tried to teach me tennis and I frequently fell off my horse. If I had said to myself, 'You are no good at either, so don't do them,' I should have missed an enormous amount of pleasure. So I say, if you like to do a thing, do it as hard as you can and you will get fun from your pursuits. I think this might be applied to a wider field."

If we ourselves were members of the House of Lords, we would certainly cry, "Hear! Hear!"

END

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE SAYS IT'S GOOD TO BE BAD



The Unhappiest Millionaire

by JACK OLSEN

Walter Wolfner sadly leads his football Cardinals out of Chicago and into prosperity



THE BUTOHA-SHAPED bone of the Chicago Cardinals professional football club raised his voice far above its usual mumble, banged a heavy fist on his desk and announced his opinion of the owner of the rival Chicago Bears. George Halas, said Walter Wolfner, is an asterisk, a semi-colon, an exclamation mark and an ampersand. The wallpaper began to peel in Wolfner's office, as it always does when he talks about Halas. "I refuse to mention that man's name ever again!" Wolfner went on, then mentioned "that man's name" again and again. It was a stirring, definitive display of dislike.

Nine blocks to the north, in the back room of the George Halas Co. ("Sporting Goods, Wholesale, Retail"), the object of Walter Wolfner's disaffection said simply: "Wolfner? He's a real lovable specimen, isn't he?"

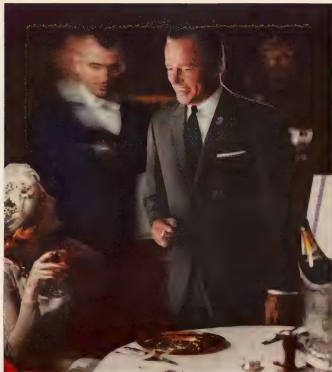
The discerning reader will observe the feathery touch of irony in the Halas remark. And students of human behavior will sense immediately that some terrible battle has taken place between these two old war horses, and that Wolfner has lost and Halas has won. And the reader will be right. The Cardinals, 8,000 pounds of powerful young manhood, are moving to St. Louis, leaving a clear field in Chicago for Halas and the Bears.

For 10 years Walter Wolfner has twisted and squirmed and kicked and wrestled to avoid being forced out of Chicago. In that period Wolfner and his wife, Violet, majority owner of the Cardinals, have lost something like \$1 million on their team. But so matter. They had won the more important battle. They had not given in to Halas. Money was little or no object; the Cardinals were kind of a hobby with the millionaire Wolfners.

But not even millionaires want to throw away money forever. As Wolfner said in a calmer moment last week: "It just got so that we weren't having any fun here any more." Twice the Wolfners had offered Halas big money to move out of town (once, according to Wolfner, it was

continued

POWER BEHIND DESK. Cards' Owner Violet Wolfner backs husband's policies.



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\$590,000; another time it was \$1 million. Halas turned them down.

The fact that Wolfner has every chance to strike pay dirt in the new location seems of little or no importance to him. A football-starved city is already trying to gobble up season tickets. Joe Grzesiedick, president of the Palstaff Brewing Co. and a crackjack TV sports entrepreneur on his own, shelled out \$250,000 for a 10% interest in the Cardinals (leaving Mrs. Wolfner with 84.6%), promised a \$50,000 bonus if the Cards made the move and guaranteed the sale of 25,000 season tickets. Gusie Busch, Grzesiedick's beer rival in St. Louis who nevertheless is mindful of his civic responsibilities, is renting his baseball park to the football Cardinals for an undisclosed sum which insiders label ridiculously low. And in three years a new river-front stadium seating 55,000 will be ready.

Back in Chicago Halas will have things all to himself, which is what he has been fighting for all along. No longer will he be barred from televising the Bears' out-of-town games into Chicago because the Cardinals are playing in town that day. The measure of what it is worth to Halas to have the Cardinals leave is the fact that he is putting up almost all of a \$600,000 "moving expense" payment from the league to the Cardinals. The league, for its part, has been eager to get the Cardinals into another city because in recent years the poor gates at Comiskey Park have cost every visiting team money. Visitors have had to content themselves with the routine \$30,000 guarantee instead of 40% of a fat gate. This year the guarantee will be \$30,000.

So everybody should be happy now—the Cardinals, the Bears, the National Football League and the fans. As befits a winner, Halas isn't saying much. He sits behind his desk on honky-tonky W. Madison Street in Chicago and wears a look of inscrutability. "Let Wolfner do the talking," he says, and Wolfner oblige.

There has been bad blood between the clans ever since 1947. Before then, when Chicago Sportsman-Gambler Charlie Bidwill and his wife Violet owned the Cardinals, all was sweetness and light. Bidwill and Halas were close friends; more than once Cardinal Owner Bidwill lent money

to Bear Owner Halas to meet a payroll, a fact which Halas has graciously acknowledged. Bidwill's interest was based not only on friendship; he owned a bloc of Bears stock. When he died in 1947, the Bears stock went to his widow, who shortly after sold it back to Halas. Mrs. Bidwill later told Halas that she would let him keep \$50,000 he owed her, in return for third-string Quarterback Bobby Layne. As Mrs. Bidwill, now Mrs. Wolfner, tells the story, Halas refused the trade, sent Layne instead to the New York Bulldogs for \$50,000 cash and inserted in the contract a clause which barred Layne from ever playing for the Cardinals. That started the feud. When Coffey Breker Walter Wolfner married the Widow Bidwill on Sept. 28, 1949, he inherited the feud, and on him it looked natural.

An abrasive, pugnacious man, Wolfner seems to like a fight, has picked them with the Chicago press, with his coaches, with league officials and now with the dead. He accuses the late Bert Bell of setting up the

annual league schedule to hurt the Cardinals and help the Bears, of deliberately assigning anti-Cardinal officials to Cardinal games, and of helping Halas in a campaign to run the Cardinals out of town. To hear Wolfner tell it, the Cardinals' lamentable financial record is the fault of George Halas and Bert Bell. Others say it is the fault of Walter Wolfner. Says a one-time Cardinal star: "Making him managing director of the team just because he married the owner is like you should send me to manage the New York Philharmonic."

A PUBLIC PROPOSAL

Even Wolfner's staunchest admirers sometimes find themselves apologizing for his popping off. When he first stepped into the job of managing director, he made a lot of enemies in a short time. He publicly criticized his coaches and often interfered in the coach's domain. In 1952, after the Cards won three straight games, Wolfner predicted a championship, a proclamation which not only proved wrong but also put undue pressure on the coach. In those early years of Wolfner's reign, Violet made the big decisions, as she does today. But more and more she has turned over important duties to her husband, and lately he has begun to show that he is learning the trade.

In defense of Wolfner, he is not entirely responsible for the fact that the Cardinals lose money. Losing money has been a Cardinal habit, not only because tough inflighter George Halas has made it hard for them, but also because the Cardinals have had a sort of lachryminal happy-go-lucky tradition in the front office. And some of this has communicated to the players and from them to the fans. In the Bidwill era, the Cardinals were known throughout the league as a pack of half-fellows-well-met. It was anything for a laugh, make up the plays as you go along, and don't let's take this game too seriously. Once the Cardinals were tied with the Bears 28-28 with seconds to play. They had the ball deep in Bear territory and could have won easily with a field goal. Ignoring signals from Coach Jimmy Conzelman on the sideline, the Cards went for the touchdown. The providence which also watches over drunks crossing turnpikes came through for them,



OWNER HALAS DOUBLES AS COACH

continued

and they won 25-28. Not all their maxims worked out so well, but a good time was had by all. It was even rumored that some of the Cardinals drank a little, but only if there was time before the game. This was the sitam-jetsam group Walter Wolfner took over.

Also in Wolfner's behalf, and in the absence of any rebuttal by Halas, it must be pointed out that Bell apparently did render aid and comfort to Halas in his fight against the Wolfners; a higher court will have to judge Bell's motivations. Probably Bell felt in his heart the same as other NFL owners: that it would be good for all concerned, including the Cardinals, for the team to move to another town. For years Bell gave the Cardinals the short end of the scheduling stick, making them open the pre-season in Chicago. This meant competing with the end of the baseball season and the World Series. More than once the Cardinals found themselves scheduled to open in Comiskey Park on the same day the White Sox were playing at home. According to Wolfner, Bell would answer his complaints by saying: "Work it out the best you can." This meant one year playing the opening "home" game at Buffalo against the New York Giants and another year rescheduling the opening game to be played after the season was over. Bell's explanation for shoving these opening dates on the Cardinals was that Halas had to build special stands in Wrigley Field after the Cubs moved out, and the stands took two weeks to erect. Wolfner offered to pay for the overtime necessary to put up the stands in five days; Halas said thanks but no thanks. Wolfner even took lawyers to NFL meetings to fight against the year-after-year inequities in the scheduling. He always lost by a vote of 11 to 1.

FOILED AGAIN

Bell also sided with Halas on another crucial case involving the Cardinals. Wolfner wanted to move the team to Northwestern University's Dyche Stadium (seating capacity 28,600) just north of Chicago, and he thought he had a deal with university officials. But Halas produced a 28-year-old agreement that the Cardinals would not play north of Madison

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IN HANDY TUBES OR PLASTIC BOTTLES

Street and the Bears would not play south of the street. "That agreement wasn't worth the paper it was written on," says Wolfner, "but Bell gave it the force of law by stepping in and ruling that it was valid. If we had moved to Dwyer Stadium, we wouldn't be leaving Chicago now."

But no impartial observer can shed any tears over the Cards' departure, even though they were Chicago's first professional football team. The Cardinals bered Chicago and the Bears did not. The news of the transfer to St. Louis brought a vast ground swell of public enmity from Chicago fans. Said the *San Francisco Chronicle* (CARD LOSE PAID TO JOIL CITY). Echoed the *Tribune*: CARDINAL MOVE NO SHOCK TO CHICAGOANS. The team had brought only two world championships to Chicago in 41 years (1925 and 1947). The Bears, on the other hand, seemed always to be in contention; even in losing seasons, they drew crowds.

BREATH SMELL OF SUCCESS

The shift to St. Louis, where the new team will automatically be taken to the municipal bosom, may rejuvenate the Cardinals and turn them into winners. Says the canny Halas: "Wolfner will come up smelling like a rose, you wait and see. He's what you might call a fortunate victim of circumstance." Says Coach Frank Ivy: "We will be the only pro team there and will have the support of the fans right off the bat. In this emotional game where morale means so much, this undivided interest is going to work advantageously to the point where the football Cardinals will rise to the occasion and play much better than they did in Chicago."

Ivy has good reason to be optimistic. His team fumbled an extraordinary 48 times last season; yet it played far better football than its dismal (2-10) record showed. The Cardinals are young and fleet of foot, full of sass and vinegar. The spectacular long-gainer became the hallmark of the team last season; fans who attended Cardinal games could be almost certain of two things—that the Cardinals would lose and that with a full repertoire of razzle-dazzle plays they would be interesting. Such a team can draw crowds in a new town. Such a team, given time and patience, can win championships. St. Louis and the unhappy Wolfner may have fat years ahead.

END

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Strategy



In planning his campaign, the angler considers not only the ways of the trout and its insect food, but also a number of factors affecting the ever-changing character of the water

by VERNON S. HEDY Illustrations by Anthony Russell

ALL WHO FISH for trout with an artificial fly will agree, I am sure, that the really great fascination of the sport lies in the challenging problems of stream strategy. The strategist, in the ultimate, reckons not only with the habits and moods of the trout and the behavior of its insect food but also with the whole character of each stretch of stream: the speed of the currents, the depth of water, the variations in pools and riffles, the surface winds, the sunlight and shadow and an infinity of immobile stage props—trees, brush, rocks and logs.

The real reward of the observing and skillful angler lies in his ability to plan an attack that penetrates the natural defenses of the trout, tempts it to strike a fly and brings it through the obstacles to his net. The instruction in stream strategy offered in this second of three parts on *The Art of Fishing with the Wet Fly* is, like the first article in last week's issue, based largely on the lifetime accomplishments of the late James Leisenring, an angler who is still respected for his skill and strategy with the wet fly. Leisenring took more than a lucky

share of trout because he understood the trout and its food, and also because he adjusted his various techniques to fit the character of the water. He knew where the trout were. Equally important, he selected a strategic position on the stream that enabled him both to present a fly temptingly to the fish and to play the fish with ease and convenience once it had been hooked.

The wet-fly fisherman explores both surface currents and those in the deep water below. Leisenring hooked trout at the surface, below it as his fly was descending and moving at various depths and also—perhaps better than any other angler—as the fly was rising to the surface. He used the tensions of the currents to activate the hackle fibers of a fly so that it seemed to move with the *jeu de river* of the insects themselves. In

on the Stream



Keys to stream strategy are the currents which bring food to the trout and also occasionally offer broken surface water to hide them from two of their main enemies, the wader and the fisherman. By reading the currents and understanding their value to the trout, the angler knows where to present his fly. With experience, he also learns to take advantage of the curtain of broken surface water that hides the trout from him by using it to hide himself from the trout.

Main current as a rule carries the bulk of the food supply during the day, whether insects are hatching or not. Buggy insects such as beetles, bees and ants that are blown into or drop to any part of the surface of the stream are usually drawn into the main current.

Secondary currents of lower velocity at the sides of the main current are the areas generally preferred by trout, since the fish can hold its position in such areas with less effort. Hovering in the secondary current, the trout can swim into the main current for insects going by or move into quieter water where, if it is deep, the trout may forage for nymphs or struggling insects. During the day trout usually shun the shallows, which offer little concealment from predators.

brief, he presented a fly, as he put it, "naturally, so that the trout will enjoy and appreciate it." On the following pages you will learn fine points of Leisenring's strategy, tactic by tactic, as they apply to typical stream conditions. First, however, you should know something of the basic ecological features of the water as Leisenring understood them.

The currents of a stream, illustrated above (right) in the outway of a stretch of typical trout water, are food lanes, and trout are attracted to them by hunger. Other factors, such as the urge to protect themselves, may divert the trout but, in the main, fish are found where the food is. If Leisenring were fishing uncomplicated water, like that shown here, he would first cast into the relatively quiet water short of the main current. Such an area is not so likely to hold trout

as the lane of secondary velocity farther out, where the broken surface water offers better concealment and where the trout can wait for food sweeping by in the main current. But the quiet water sometimes does yield trout; in any case, if the fly is cast there first, then advanced, cast by cast, into more promising areas, the trout, wherever it is, will see the fly before it sees the leader or the more disturbing ripples and shadows made by the line.

When the angler advances his fly beyond the main current, as above, he runs into a common, recurring problem: drag. Any fast current that drags on line or leader causes the fly to move unnaturally fast. Sometimes the simple expedient of holding the rod high so that the line enters the water beyond the main current solves the problem.

Often, however, when fishing beyond the main current, you must resort to a maneuver known as "mending" your cast. To mend your cast, you first release a little slack line through the guides. Then, by simply flicking your wrist, you impart a circling motion to the tip of your rod, which will throw a loop of the slack line upstream. With this extra slack on the water, your fly for a little time is undisturbed and unaffected by drag.

If the structure of streams were as simple as that we have shown on these pages, there would be little more you would need to know than the behavior of trout, their food and the effects of currents. But few streams are this simple, and on the following pages the finer points of strategy are covered as they apply to the true, complicated character of typical streams.

CONTINUED

A Pool Full of Hidden Hazards

THE STREAM SITUATION shown in the drawing at the right presents a fairly common but always intriguing problem of strategy. The moment you approach the bank of the pool shown in the foreground you watch for trout feeding at the surface. If there is no surface activity, you can still presume trout are feeding beneath the surface, as they do most of the time on all streams. On a pool which looks as promising as this one, a wet fly fished deep could produce a fish almost anywhere. And here, as on many pools of medium size, you might cast from any of several positions. Your choice of position—indeed, your whole plan of attack—depends on what your ambitions are. Will you settle for any fish, or do you want a large one, perhaps the largest in the pool?

If you want a large trout, the place to present your fly is near the half-submerged rock on the far side of the main current. On the downstream side of this rock, decently concealed from predators by the broken water eddying around it, a trout can hover with ease on the edge of the food-laden current. Logic would indicate that the trout by the rock is a good one. The best trout are usually found in the best places.

You can cast to the rock from the bank in the foreground—but should you? If you reconnoiter along the bank, you will notice sunken logs crisscrossed out in the stream. Below these, the current smashes into driftwood piled against the bank and sweeps into the riffle below. A large trout played from the near bank could create crises after crises amidst these obstacles and be lost at the logs, the driftwood or in the fast water below.

If you can get to it, the small island just beyond the rock is a far better casting position. On the island you would not be casting across the main current. There would be no drag, and the shorter cast from this spot would enable you to present the fly more temptingly. Moreover, once you hooked a fish from the island, the pull of your rod would be away from the logs. The island, therefore, is your choice.

The fast riffle between the bank and the island is deep and impassable, but farther downstream you have access across broad shallows. As you wade to the island, you will note that both the shallows and the deep riffle seem free of obstacles—a clear path for both the trout and you to the

big water below, where a large fish can be played, exhausted and netted.

Ready now on the island, standing well back, you cast upstream so that your fly sinks before it drifts back to the rock. You guide the fly past the side of the rock away from you, in the current that brings food to the trout. As the fly passes the rock, you raise your rod tip with a slow, gradual motion that causes the fly to rise naturally toward the surface. You pivot your body, following through with the lifting motion, until the fly reaches the surface six or eight feet past the rock. The trout may strike just below the rock or he may follow the fly on downstream to inspect it. Your lifting motion imparts a lifelike movement to the hackle fibers and ferociously de-





← CURRENT

cision from the trout, since the fly is escaping in a way that the trout readily recognizes as the behavior of many hatching insects.

You may see a swirl or a flash of color near your fly at any time, but most often the fish will rush as the fly approaches the surface. If there is no strike, you let the fly float along a few feet more, imitating another characteristic of many insects.

When the trout strikes, set the hook—but not with a sharp jerk. A lift of the wrist will do it—at the instant you see the flash of color or swirl near the surface. If the fish you hook at the rock is big, it will be several minutes before you can attempt netting him safely. Since he is familiar with all the aspects of the pool,

you can expect him to surge toward the logs, a haven where he has gained freedom often, probably, when less circumspect anglers hooked him from the wrong bank. If he heads for the logs, exert pressure on the rod, trying to steer him away. Should he get under them, he may subside only briefly and, hopefully, come out the way he went in. Your pressure should be firm but not excessive. Success with a big trout often depends on such small matters. But even if he does not get into the driftwood, the trout with his full strength can cause you trouble at any time by surfacing and rolling. During a surface roll, you relax rod pressure to avoid breaking the leader or tearing the hook out. If he turns toward the driftwood area

of deep, fast water, encourage him to leave the pool by steering him firmly into the avenue of fast water leading downstream. Follow him down, rod held high to keep as much line as possible out of the water as he strips it and part of the backing from the reel. You still have to play him out, recover lost line and bring him to net, but at this point, with nothing save open, easy moving water between you and the fish, the strategic battle is won.

In this situation, you have avoided the old bugaboo, drag, presented your fly more temptingly to the trout and minimized the hazards of the stream. The big trout of the pool is your reward for planning the whole campaign well.

CONTINUED



Tactics to Fit Quiet Water

AS FREE of obstacles as a swimming pool, the long, deep flat in the drawing above presents few problems once a trout is hooked, but it is a good test of your tactical skills. Bright sunlight in this clear water exposes trout to their enemies so well that, unless a stiff breeze ruffles the surface, desirable fish are seldom active during the day. Early in the morning or in late afternoon, when dim light prevails, such water will yield trout. Small fish may venture up from the bottom or out from the banks for a fly at any time of day, but the larger trout seek cover under the bushes along the left bank or hide in the shadows or beneath the grass-covered, undercut bank on the right.

Jim Leisnering often hooked trout in such water regardless of breeze or time of day. His technique was used by the ancient Greeks and later by English anglers, who called it "dapping with a Fly." In dapping on this stream, your target is the trout concealed near the bank. On a bank where the trout is virtually under-

foot, naturally you must step lightly to avoid vibrations. You stand as far back as possible to keep your shadow from the water. Then, using a fly which imitates such favorite trout food as the black ant, with a short line or only the leader hanging from the rod tip, you touch your fly gently to the grass at the bank edge and allow it to fall naturally from the grass to the water. Dapping is delicate, oftentimes blind fishing: the slightest movement of the leader is significant. Large trout often slip in the fly silently and splash only after they feel the hook.

Playing a fish here where there are no logs, rocks or fast water is largely a matter of keeping the fish away from roots and out of the pockets under the bank. After a fish is hooked, you improve your chances of setting the fish by stepping into the shallows near the bank. Although advanced, more sophisticated anglers may look down on dapping as "cheating," the fisherman who enjoys hooking, playing and netting trout will not ignore it.

When no insects are visible but you see fish rising under the bushes along the left bank, it is quite possible they are feeding on tiny midges. Tie on a small Black Gnat and use a tippet no larger than 4x. With a sidearm cast put your fly in under the bushes upstream from the spot where you have seen a fish rise. As your fly nears the fish, be ready to lift your rod tip on the slightest provocation. Your fly will be just beneath the surface—tiny flies do not sink well—and any slight sign near your fly should be interpreted as a striking fish.

On an overcast day good-sized fish may feed on flies hatching or drifting at various depths anywhere in this stretch of stream. Fishing a sunken fly representing the insects you see in the air is a reasonable tactic at such times. A long, fine leader and light line are important: fineness and delicacy in presenting your fly are a vital part of your strategy. On smooth, clear water a slight ripple is very noticeable, and heavy line and leader cast stark shadows on the bottom.

CONTINUED



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Tricks in Mixed Water

IN WATER like that shown in the drawing below, Jim Leisenring often fished the wet fly first at the surface, a tactic that might bring a trout in a splashing surface rise such as dry-fly fishermen cherish. The fast main current sweeps past the outer side of the half-submerged boulder in the stream. Inshore from this boulder is inviting, productive water—a collecting area for insects flying against, or blown against, the rock bluff edging the stream. Logically, fish often lie in this relatively quiet backwater, waiting for such easy pickings.

Though most anglers believe wet flies should be tied on heavy hooks, Leisenring tied many patterns on light wire hooks so they would drop lightly to the surface, float for a few moments and respond more realistically to the changing forces of the water. May flies, sedge flies, stone flies and ants touch the water lightly and often float momentarily, until pulled down in a swirl of water. They move wherever the current may take

them—into an eddy or backwater, down behind a boulder and up again. Many insects, caught temporarily in the current, are submerged only to rise to the surface again, float along low in the water and crawl back to safety on a limb or rock.

In fishing a collecting area where insects drop, it is a smart trick to use a fly tied on a light wire hook, and barely touch it to the water on your first cast or two. On the piece of water in the drawing, you would try the very edge of the stream, along the base of the bluff. Touch the fly briefly and withdraw it. In this way Leisenring teased and excited trout. Then, after false-casting once or twice to dry the fly, he would permit it to float on the surface film for a few feet downstream over any eager trout that might be lying there.

The current on both sides of the half-submerged boulder in the drawing below is strong, and any trout there is probably holding close to the boulder. Here you can make the rock

itself work for you. A fly cast upstream sweeps by too fast to have much effect. Since there may be trout feeding out in the fast water, one approach is to cast your fly upstream, and as it drifts down guide it toward the area below the boulder. Here, where there is less direct pull of the current, the churning water of the eddy will activate the hackles of the fly. Another approach is to cast your fly into the pocket of water below the boulder so that your leader falls across the rock. In this position the fly may float and move free of drag. This tactic is often useful with dry as well as wet flies.

In fast water so characteristic of a western stream a heavy wire hook is often good for sinking the fly to greater depths, where trout often feed. Bear this in mind the next time you visit a tackle store. For if you equip yourself with hooks of varying weights you will have both a light touch on the surface and also an effective lure in the depths.



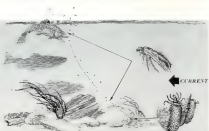
CURRENT ➡

CONTINUED

Secrets of Success in a Big Pool



Essential drama between trout and insect takes place under water, where trout secure 80% of their food. Many species of insects, like the caddis pupa (isolated below), emerge from cases or from hiding places among stones, swimming upward through the current in a curving path toward the surface. Trout feed on ascending pupae or other insect nymphs in the depths far more often than usual anglers realize; the angler notices it only when a trout swirls and splashes to take an insect close to the surface. The wet-fly fisherman, who understands this under-water phenomenon, can then induce it with the Leisnering Lift, shown opposite.



A TROUT STREAM may brawl through canyons and run fast and wide in shallows; but here or there, sooner or later, almost all streams slow down and for a moment lose their force in a large, deep pool. In these pools, such as the one in the foreground of the illustration at left, the normal food lanes all but disappear. The water is calm and looks easy to fish; but such pools hold challenges, testing the angler's casting skill and his knowledge both of fish behavior and of insect behavior above and below the surface.

Desirable trout often rest during the day in the deepest water, difficult to reach with the small flies which Leisenring preferred for this type of fishing. In such water the angler must fish far and fine, not only lengthening his casts to reach the more distant points but also using extra-long leaders, tapered to 4x or 5x and tied to nymphlike flies of the smallest size. To the casual fisherman these minute particles of feather and fur may appear laughable, but

as an angler matures on the streams he comes to appreciate their value in winning trout.

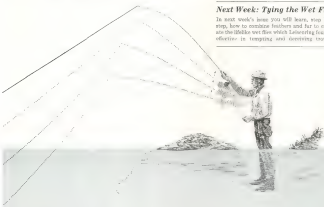
At dawn and dusk, trout stream insects often become quite active. Hatching nymphs swim upward through the water, take wing, fly about to mate, then drop to the surface, where the females deposit their eggs. During a hatch at dusk, particularly, the surface of a pool is broken by the swirls of feeding fish. The novice assumes the trout are feeding on floating flies. Quite often he is right; this can be the dry-fly fisherman's finest hour. Equally as often, however, the angler may be mystified and frustrated: he sees trout swirling everywhere, yet his dry fly floats along untouched. Why? In this whirl of activity, when trout seem to be feeding on floating insects, they are often feasting on swimming nymphs just beneath the surface, an inch or so below the domain of the dry-fly fisherman. There in the dim light of dusk the trout are safe from all their enemies except the angler

skilled in the use of the small wet fly.

Such an angler was Jim Leisenring, whose deadliest technique is the one he evolved to use with a wet fly close to the surface. Here, in fact virtually at the surface, at the crucial moment of the insect's metamorphosis into the mature fly, the essential drama between insect and trout takes place with greatest intensity. The heart of this drama is the sudden exposure to the trout's view of a hatching insect struggling upward naturally and about to escape. Leisenring, in fact, learned early in his career that this phenomenon of escaping, fire-swimming insects, like the caddis pupa shown in the drawing at the lower left, was so exciting to trout that an imitation of the action could be used not only during a hatch in a pool, but almost any time of day, wherever an angler can maneuver a wet fly naturally. This favorite technique of Leisenring—called the "Leisenring Lift"—is executed by maneuvering line and fly in the water as shown in the drawing below.

Next Week: Tying the Wet Fly

In next week's issue you will learn, step by step, how to combine feathers and fur to create the lifelike wet fly which Leisenring found effective in tempting and deceiving trout.



The Leisenring Lift, used wherever the speed of the current is not excessive, imitates the behavior of a hatching nymph fly. To execute the lift, cast upstream and allow the fly to sink. Then, as the fly

reaches the position of the trout, raise arm and rod gradually, to cause the fly to lift naturally through the current. The trout may take it at once or he may hesitate and inspect the fly as he follows it

downstream momentarily, making his decisive move just before the fly escapes at the surface. Smooth, steady, precise and a delicate control of the fly are the decisive factors in the Leisenring Lift.

SPECTACLE

Paintings by Daniel Schwartz

THE ELEGANT MASTERS

WHAT IS the Masters? Well, in the interest of accuracy it is only a golf tournament played amid dogwoods and pines in the soldier town of Augusta, Georgia. It is not really part of the winter tour or part of the summer tour but a thing which in just 26 years has become an elegantly nostalgic bridge between both. "Here," Ben Hogan says, "long after serious competition for some of us comes to an end, we can still get together and reminisce. The Augusta National and its Masters Tournament are symbolic of fine sentiments and great traditions." Traditions, sentiments, reminiscences—that's the Masters. It is Gene Sarazen's double eagle on 15 in '35; it is Demaret, Picard, Harmon; it is Jackie Burke and Porky Oliver; Art Wall birdieing five of the last six in '59; Hogan and Snead. "I hope," says Snead, "I'll never be too old to want to take part in this event, and I don't think I ever will age quite that much." Remember Horton Smith, the first man to win the Masters in 1934 and again in 1936? To Horton Smith the Augusta National is "one of the few courses that really presents two games on most every hole—a game to reach the greens and another to figure the ever-challenging contours after reaching the greens." The Masters is Bob Jones gliding over the lush green grass in his cart. The Masters is the players practicing their putting close to the first tee and the voice on the loudspeaker saying, "Cary Middlecoff, report to the first tee please."

This week about a hundred golfers will report in at Augusta, including Snead, Hogan, Demaret—the old guard. The young guard will be there too—Gary Player, George Bayer, Arnold Palmer—and, for player and patron alike, it is reassuring to look up every year and find the Masters still there, to find it as Artist Daniel Schwartz has caught it on the cover and the next four pages.

Above

MASTERS Middlecoff and Picard at practice putting in front of cottage Eisenhower used at Augusta.

Below

CHALLENGER packs an large crowd packed at side of the rolling, tricky green looks on to water.

Next page

SPECTATORS ring around scoreboard and the link green on dramatic final day of the tournament.









AGING CHAMPION, one of many in *Masters*, plays a shot as colorfully dressed gallery, ignoring miserable rain, strains against ropes to watch.

The
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FISHING beside a quiet stream develops a closeness between man and boy which is never expressed but silently felt in the vast outdoors. The wise planning of a life insurance program is also a silent expression of the thoughts of a father for his son.

The illustration above is one of a series of stories in "The Good Things of Life" by Frank M. W. Benson, Jr., published by the Bankers Life of Nebraska. The series is available in either booklet or book form. Write for information.



BANKERS LIFE OF NEBRASKA
LINCOLN

Chamberlain's big mistake

Pro basketball's great rookie quits at the wrong time and for the wrong reasons

AFTER a five-month season, during which they clearly demonstrated that they are the best team in professional basketball, the Boston Celtics are now being called on to prove their national superiority once again in the East-West playoffs this week against the St. Louis Hawks.

But nothing that is likely to occur in the playoffs can match in importance Wilt Chamberlain's announcement—after Boston beat Philadel-

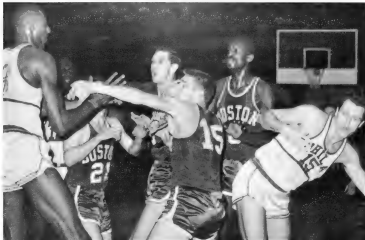
phia last week for the eastern championship—that he is quitting the sport. Chamberlain would not have issued such a statement if Philadelphia had won. He says that his decision to quit comes as no surprise to Philadelphia Owner Eddie Gottlieb. But it certainly does. Only a few days before the announcement Chamberlain and Gottlieb had reached verbal agreement on a three-year contract under which Chamberlain would have been paid, in salary, more than any professional athlete in history—about \$100,000 a year.

He is worth it. In his first year as a pro he set new records in every important department of the game and

has now won every award worth winning. He drew 500,000 new fans into NBA arenas around the country; singlehandedly, and in one season, he made basketball a paying attraction for people who, before he appeared, wouldn't have attended a game with complimentary tickets. He is as valuable to this sport as Babe Ruth was to baseball, but he is quitting at the wrong time and for the worst possible reasons.

All season long he has complained about the rough treatment he has received from rival players who, he claims, have been fouling him consistently without being penalized by the NBA's referees. But the facts refute

CHAMBERLAIN (15) AND TOM HENSGHE (18) SQUARE OFF IN PLAYOFF BRAWL THAT INFLUENCED WILT'S DECISION TO LEAVE NBA



him. No pro basketball player ever has been awarded as many free throws as Chamberlain shot this year. He had 691, about 14 every game. What apparently has annoyed him—and it certainly should—is that he also set a new record for missing free throws. He hit on only 577 for a terrible 83%. (If he had made a reasonable number of free throws consistently, Philadelphia would have won some of the games it lost by narrow margins.)

Chamberlain knew very well that he would be the target for every kind of legal and illegal defense. In baseball pitchers do not throw at the heads of the weak hitters; in football the best passes and toughest runners are the ones dumped hardest. But the champions—the Jackie Robinsons and Charley Conerleys—do not quit. When Bill Russell came to the NBA, with advance billing as the best defender and rebounder in college basketball, every pro front-court man with half a muscle tested him severely. Russell didn't quit. This is not to imply that Chamberlain lacks courage. It is to say that he lacks judgment. He is still the same impetuous kid who wanted to quit college basketball (on his sophomore year) after his Kansas team lost the final NCAA championship game to North Carolina in 1957. "Wilt," says one of his close friends, "has never grown up. For as long as he can remember he's always been 'Wilt the Stilt' and 'The Big Dipper,' and everything's come pretty easy for him. You don't grow up when it's that easy. He suffers when things go wrong, and he says things he doesn't really mean. Then he gets stubborn and sticks by them. He may have trouble getting out of this jam, but I'd bet he changes his mind and plays for Philadelphia next season. His pride will bring him back—that and all that money."

BIAS IS A FACTOR

In quitting, Chamberlain also implied that problems connected with his being a Negro contributed to his decision. It is certainly true that he—and every other Negro player—encounters intolerance and prejudice from some fans and occasionally even from rival white players. It took courage and strength of spirit for Chamberlain to face the fact that some Americans will pay to watch him play basketball in St. Louis, for example, but will not allow him to eat a ham-

burger in a restaurant a few blocks from the arena. If Chamberlain wants to register his feelings about such indignities by quitting, that is his right. But is it the wise decision? At the very least, the question is debatable. Chamberlain says he would be serving Negroes poorly if he got into fights with white players on the court. This, too, is doubtful. Among millions of Americans who look upon him—and Russell, Willie Naulls, Oscar Robertson, K. C. Jones, et al.—as an athlete without regard to race, he loses very little of his stature when he loses his temper. All sensible people connected with basketball deplored the incident shown in the picture at left, but none was concerned because of the fact that Chamberlain is a Negro. Wilt is a fool if he worries about those people who make capital out of a Negro-white player squabble at a tense moment in a basketball game.

All in all, the sport will be poorer without him, if he sticks to his decision, and he will lose a great deal of the nationwide respect he has earned in a brief career.

RODGERS STARS IN FINAL

In Philadelphia's deciding game with Boston last week, Wilt was nowhere near as effective as he has been all year, during which he frequently outplayed the Celtics' Bill Russell (thus settling basketball's biggest possession argument). But in that deciding game, Russell rose to the critical occasion and did a magnificent defensive job on him, keeping the ball away from Wilt often and beating him to the good position on the floor. Still, Philadelphia almost defeated the champions in the marvelous sixth game chiefly because of a great performance by Guy Rodgers, who had 31 points, five more than Chamberlain. Boston won with its bench. The Jones boys, Sars and K. C., repeatedly came into the game to stop Philadelphia's momentum and upset its attack. These two may well be the deciding factor in the final series with St. Louis, which has little reserve backcourt strength now that Slater Martin is injured. Boston also has every reason to expect a few good games at this stage from its superb veterans—Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman—both of whom were way below par in the playoffs with Philadelphia.

END

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

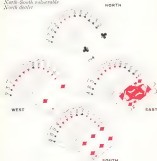
Two crimes, one punishment

PREPARING to meet the Italian team again, I have been rereading the hands played in last year's world championship matches.

Analysts have blamed the U.S. defeat on inferior slam bidding (true), on loose understanding between partners (true), on the superiority of the Italian systems (highly doubtful), and on the failure of "standard" American methods (nonsense). Team matches are rarely won; they are usually lost by the team that makes the most mistakes. This last world championship was no exception.

Yet it is not possible to eliminate luck entirely. In the following deal, for example, both teams blundered. I will not attempt to decide which blunder was the more egregious, but the American was punished while the Italian was not.

North-South vulnerable
North dealer



When Avarelli and Belladonna held the North-South cards, their bidding, using the Roman Club, went:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
PASS	PASS	1♣	PASS
1♠	PASS	2♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	3 N.E.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: diamond 4

The one-club opening showed a balanced 12-to-15-point hand; the one-spade response showed eight high-card points or more. As is customary, North bid the shorter of his suits first. For some reason—perhaps because he feared that too much of his high-card strength was in the suits in which North must be short—South never raised spades and the Italian pair got to an inferior no-trump game.

West led the diamond 4. East's queen was captured by declarer's ace. Declarer finessed the club 10, and East made the good play of ducking with the queen. But South shifted to spades, establishing two winners in that suit, and brought home his nine tricks—three in clubs, three in hearts, two in spades, one in diamonds. With the club queen offside, however, the no-trump contract would have been defeated if East had held a small diamond, whereas four spades was unbeatable.

The American North-South pair got to a spade contract—but, alas, they failed to apply the broken-in time. Their bidding, with Sam Fry Jr., North, and Sidney Lord, South, could hardly be called standard.

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
PASS	PASS	1 N.T.	PASS
2♣	PASS	3♣	PASS
3♠	PASS	3♥	PASS
4♠	PASS	5♠	PASS
5♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Lazard (South) took a liberty when he opened with a no trump, holding a worthless doubleton in clubs, but I won't dispute his choice. The action turned sour when Fry, having made the artificial two-club response, was not satisfied with a four-spade contract and so manufactured the three-diamond bid as an interim move. However, Lazard was a bit pushy in going past the game level in spades.

West opened his singleton club. Dummy won the trick and led a spade, but East hopped up with the ace and returned a club to give his partner a raff. Thereafter, declarer lost only to East's remaining top spade—but that was one trick more than he could afford to surrender, and the U.S. lost 700 points.

EXTRA TRICK

When you have a choice between an artificial convention and a natural bid that will give partner about the same information, choose the natural bid. Fancy bidding can be expensive, even when done by experts. **END**



SPEIDEL'S COSTUME FOR WATCHING TV FEATURES POLAROID GLASSES, NEWSPAPER HAT

WRESTLING / *Herm Weiskopf*

'I like to bandy words'

Oklahoma won the college title, but Penn State was best on verbal takedowns

He doesn't talk all the time. It just seems as if he does. Last week cauliflower-eared Charlie Speidel, wrestling coach at Penn State for 36 years, had even more than usual to talk about. His team was competing in the NCAA championships at the University of Maryland.

In the Penn State equipment room last Wednesday the baggage was being gathered for the 185-mile trip by car to College Park, Md. Charlie, 61, sat on one of the tables in the equipment room, the stubby legs on his 5-foot-6 frame dangling far from the floor.

"Hi, Doc," boomed Speidel as Sam Minor, the team captain, came by. "I don't know what route we drive, Sam. Let the drivers decide. I tried to tell 'em last time and everybody got lost."

Charlie had started slowly. Now his words were tumbling out faster, racing each other. "We get 6,000 here for our dual meets. They love the action. College rules permit more maneuverability than Olympic rules.

Why, in Greco-Roman wrestling we have to eliminate 90% of our tricks because they don't allow holds below the waist." He gripped himself about the waist with tight little fingers, and threw up his arms.

"We don't want to have to start training our kids in grade school just so they can win a gold medal 20 years later. We think our college rules bring out the finest wrestling. They test a boy in all aspects of the sport—offense, defense, the works. For years America won the Olympic wrestling when they were using our catch-as-catch-can college rules, and then in 1928 they voted us down, because we have just one man on that committee, and how are you gonna win an election with one vote? Now if a man's shoulders just roll over the mat—they call that a touch fall—he's pinned in the Olympics. A man can get pinned without even knowing his shoulders have touched the mat, and that's not right. A man gets over-cautious. We're trying to get 'em to change the rules back. Olympic wrestling puts too much emphasis on strength. Why, they think its wonderful if you can make yourself rigid

continued

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WRESTLING continued

like an iron horse and hold like that."

He bounded down from the table.

"Let's go, Doc."

Speidel has gone to a lot of tournaments, but he was babbling with the enthusiasm of a kid with a bag of marbles as he got in the back seat of a black Lark driven by Ed Czekaj, business manager of athletics. He kept right on talking.

"We've got to get back to the basics in this country: reading, writing, arithmetic and," as he poked a hard finger into his rib cage, "care of the body. Too many of our boys have narrow shoulders and wide hips."

"When you're out there wrestling you're on your own." Charlie turned sideways and his voice shifted to the excited, raspy staccato of a Jimmy

forget. When was the Declaration of Independence signed? O.K., take off the first number. Now you've got to add B.C., that gives you 776 B.C., and that's when the first Olympics were."

Charlie Speidel looked out the window again.

"I like to handy words."

Then he turned sideways. "I used to know a boy named Sammy Wollson. He went through the same mumbo jumbo before every match. I asked him what it was all about. He told me it was an old Jewish saying: 'First comes the battle within yourself. To win that is the most important.' That's when I became a coach."

"When you think about it you realize all coaches have the same basic information. We all know how to deal with the combative side. What we



STRONGMAN ART KRAFT (left) proved his touch for his boy, brought 137-pound championship to Northwestern. Art, 24, got special coaching from brother Ken, 24.

Cagney. "Suddenly you realize nobody can help you." He clutched his throat. "The other guy's tough. You're afraid." His eyes widened, his hands jumped in front of his chest and locked in icy fear. "What are you going to do?"

He sat back and looked out the window.

"When I started at Penn State in 1926 there were only 20 high schools in the state that had wrestling. Now more than 300 schools have it. If you give parents and school boards a chance to know what it's all about they'll accept it. We have a weight class for everybody and we don't care how short or tall he is."

"Know when the first Olympics were held? I'll tell you. You'll never

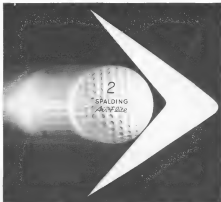
have to learn is how to deal with the emotional side. I don't like to use the word psychology. You know what psychology is? It's 90% common sense and 10% vocabulary."

"I'm no different from anyone else. When I was in Japan I wanted to know how high Fujiyama was. I'll tell you. You'll never forget. It's the number of months in a year plus the number of days in a year. But this year's a leap year. Are we here? Good."

That night in his room Speidel put on his Polaroid glasses and put a newspaper over his head and watched the fights on TV. "Cuts out the wavy lines," he explained.

Thursday morning, following the weigh-ins, Sam Minor and his team-

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mates sat down to a breakfast of peas, fruit cocktail, orange juice and a steak smothered with honey. For dessert the boys had ginger ale and a mishmash of vanilla ice cream and raw egg. That afternoon in Maryland's beautiful Cole Field house (which has orange, aqua and yellow seats) 266 wrestlers from 31 colleges began the action, with bouts being held simultaneously on five mats.

Charlie Speidel worked hard that day, his body twisting and turning as each of his wrestlers got in and out of trouble. "Shoot for it, Sam," screamed Charlie. "Grab a leg. Keep 'im low. The other way, Sam, the other way." Sam won.

After breakfast the next morning Charlie lit a cigar and flipped the match on his plate. He stood up, talking, and turned from the table. Someone yelled at him, "Charlie, turn around. Behind you, Charlie, behind you."

Charlie turned and jumped back. His plate had turned into a flaming fireplace. The match had set fire to the napkin on the dish. Charlie doused the fire with a glass of water, but for once he was speechless.

Friday was a bad day for Penn State. Sam lost, and before the day was over every one of Charlie's boys had been shipped.

Even so, at Saturday's breakfast Speidel was as chipper and talkative as ever. His egg and sausages got cold as he pursued his favorite topic. "Let's be realistic. We don't live just for the Olympics. Sure it would be nice to win, but this wrestling isn't a vocation. It's an avocation. We just want to provide the boys with a wholesome form of recreation. Let's not overemphasize it."

Oklahoma, which had been a pre-tournament favorite with Oklahoma State (Oklahoma had won four NCAA team titles, Oklahoma State 21), advanced five men to the quarterfinals on Thursday and went on to win the championships easily. Oklahoma State was fourth, and Charlie Speidel's Penn State team was a badly beaten sixth. But in 10 years the number of high schools with wrestling teams has doubled (to more than 3,000) and the number of colleges competing in the sport has risen from 186 to more than 320. Defeated, but still delighted with the whole idea of amateur wrestling, Charlie Speidel talked on. **END**

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The cold Warfare

**New Yorkers braved snow and
sleet for a new look at the
probable 1960 Derby favorite**

For most followers of the species Thoroughbred were left with two positive impressions after 147,204 of them struggled through the snow and sleet of the first six days of the long New York flat-racing season. One of these is that if the sport must be started as early as March 21, the state's dream park known as the Big A (for Aqueduct) should—in keeping with its scrubby, barren winter wonderland motif—be rechristened the Big I (for Igloo).

The second, and no doubt more lasting, impression was thoroughly heart-warming. For Clifton S. Jones's Warfare, the California-bred colt who turned in such spectacular performances last fall that he popped up as the unanimous 3-year-old champion, finally made his long-awaited eastern debut in a campaign designed to lead him arduously through the Triple Crown events. Before Warfare stepped out for last Saturday's six-furlong Swift Stakes there were a few doubting Thomases who figured that after a two-and-a-half-month layoff Warfare wouldn't be up to the task of bearing such seasoned sprinters as Francis S. and Greek Page, who were among his severest rivals.

When it was over there was Warfare winning with ridiculous ease and setting his third Aqueduct track record (this one was 1:58½). Many oldtimers couldn't remember the day when any colt had come up with a better seasonal New York debut than this.

Warfare was the object of considerable concern at Santa Anita this winter. His training was interrupted by a fever in December, and when he made his first 1960 start on January 6 he was upset by T. V. Lark. Then Jones announced that Warfare would henceforth be trained by Bill Winfrey, in order to allow his own trainer, Hack

Ross, time to devote to managing the rest of the Jones farm and stable.

Winfrey, now trainer of a public stable after many years of service with Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, recognized in Warfare the same potential that he once saw in another gray colt he trained. The other's name: Native Dancer.

Two months later he and Jockey Eddie Arcaro (who will ride Warfare this year) are both highly pleased. "He's a colt," says Winfrey, "who does everything just right—and so easily, too. How does he compare now to Native Dancer? I honestly think he may have the potential to be as great."

Warfare will probably come back again in this week's Gotham, a mile test in which he'll likely face another California-bred colt, John Williams and George D. Widener's Yocktown.

With Warfare now the solid Derby favorite among horses in New York, and Tompion (winner of the Santa Anita Derby) the logical choice among the colts heading directly to Keeneland, the Florida-based 3-year-olds get their final major test in this week's \$100,000-added Florida Derby (a mile and an eighth) at Gulfstream. In last week's Fountain of Youth, Llangollen Farm's Eagle Admiral, a new arrival from California, wore down Bally Ache in the stretch and beat him a length. The last horse to beat Bally Ache in a prep race was E. P. Taylor's Victoria Park, before the Flamingo. We'll see if Bally Ache can turn the tables again.

Right now it appears that victory for the son of Ballydram in the Florida Derby might be considerably tougher to pull off than it was in the Flamingo, where his opponent all took back and let him romp away with the big pot.

The field will include Victoria Park and—another one to watch—Vernesian Way. If Hillborough goes for Calumet this son of Pender should not be taken lightly.

END



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MIGHTY MOSS

continued from page 17

with an experienced eye for such statistics figured that attendance was anywhere from seven to 10 thousand under last year, when the weather was rainy and unpleasant (Sebring never gives out official figures). In terms of the \$5 a head admission charge, that would represent a loss of \$35,000 or better in gate receipts to Promoter Ullmann. It would look as if the great gas controversy may have brought Ullmann a substantial financial bath.

BUT THE RACE WAS GOOD

Pretence money madness aside, the 1960 event itself was anything but a flop. Two of the three new birdirage Maseratis—so named because of the webbing of aluminum piping that supports the front end of the chassis—put on a magnificent performance through at least two-thirds of the race. Ten American-owned Ferraris, operating with the blessing if not the actual support of the factory, performed admirably, and seven of them were in the first 10 positions following the two leading Porsches.

A serious accident regrettably marred the race, but because it occurred at an out-of-the-way corner of the track, most of the crowd was oblivious of the tragedy. Driver Jimmy Hughes of Napa, Calif. dipped his green Lotus at Sebring's hairpin turn, killing himself and George Thompson, a 23-year-old photographer for the Tampa Tribune who had stationed himself at the spot to get action pictures.

By 10 o'clock on Saturday night, 41 of the original 65 cars were still raring in one fashion or another, a tremendous tribute to both man and machine. Richie Ginther, in his new 8-liter Ferrari, set a new track lap record at an average speed of 94.479 miles per hour, then Moss topped him with a 94.956 lap. The big gold Amoco trophy and \$5,000 in prize money were in the hands of the winners. It was time then for the automobile industry people, the socialites, the hard-core fans and the bearded bohemians and their long-tressed ladies to climb back into their sports cars and planes and trains and head back to the thousand and one places they had deserted, as is their annual custom, for a weekend of racing at Sebring. **END**

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PART II: SOCIAL CONSERVATION

TRAIL BLAZERS IN CALIFORNIA

A dozen dedicated men have applied the concepts of social conservation and come up with a new and historic plan to make the best possible use of their state's magnificent land

by HENRY ROBINET

CARVED over the entrance of the State Office Building in Sacramento, capital of the state of California, are the challenging words, "Bring Me Men to Match My Mountains." Inside this building a small group of men, up to now well known only to their fellow professionals in the state conservation services, have been at work for three years on a monumental project. The completion this week of their report not only matches them in stature with the Sierra Nevada, but has as its purpose the preservation—and use—of those very mountains, and all of California's land, lakes, forests and ocean. DeWitt Nelson and Elmer Aldrich, chairman and executive officer respectively of the California Public Outdoor Recreation Plan Committee, placed the 80-page report on the desk of Governor

Edmund (Pat) Brown at 10:30 a.m. Monday. It may come to be considered one of the most valuable documents in the history of American conservation. For this report makes California the only state in the Union to have a general plan for the conservation and development of its land to meet the proved sporting and recreational needs of its residents, now and in the decades to come.

The California plan is of national importance because it demonstrates factually that, for the country's economy and welfare, outdoor recreation is as vital a resource of public land as timber, forage and water, and today must be given its just due. The California plan documents the new discipline of social conservation—it places people first, seeks to reconcile their recreational needs with other

land uses and offers a methodical approach and bold over-all resolution to the extremely serious problems of exploding population and the resulting pressure on open land.

It is fitting that California should pioneer on this frontier of social conservation. Californians are venturesome, outdoors-minded people with an effervescent confidence in their own future. They live in a state of magnificently varied natural beauty, ranging from the great beaches of the Pacific seashore across desert landscapes to the towering mountains of the Sierra Nevada. And nowhere else in the country are the immediate pressures of rapid population growth and galloping urbanization so acute.

The committee which produced the plan was created by a far-sighted piece of legislation in 1957. It was formed by the chiefs of eight state departments, including natural resources, education and finance, to solve a problem that concerned all of them. The legislature assigned to it the task of finding out how Californians spend their time outdoors, what land is available for their enjoyment and how future needs can best be met. Elmer Aldrich, a direct, incisive Californian who has spent 12 of his 45 years in state conservation services, took charge of a staff of able, experienced men and welded them into a singularly effective and dedicated team. "What we have accomplished—good or bad—we have done together," says Aldrich. It is abundantly clear that their three years of

hard work have paid off in some real accomplishment.

As a first step the committee took a hard look at California's future. Most of the state's 15 million population, they found, is concentrated today in or near Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego, San Jose and other cities. "Perhaps our most startling forecast," says Planner J. Kenneth Decker, "is that within 20 years California's population will double to 30 million and that this great population growth will occur in or near the present population centers." Almost as significant is the drastic change that is taking place within California's age groups: the 6-to-17-year-olds are at present increasing more rapidly than any other group. Thus by 1999 California must absorb within its present physical limits a whole new state equal to its present population, made up primarily of families with school-age children who will live where land is in short supply and population pressures are already most acute.

The committee's mandate to provide for this huge, city-based population the best possible outdoor life was obviously a challenge. It was met by

using, and sometimes elaborating on, every sound applicable concept in social conservation.

The most fundamental concept is of course, that the subject of social conservation is people, in this case, hunters, fishermen, campers, boaters, sightseers—all those seeking the pleasures of the outdoors.

But outdoor sports and recreation are among several, and sometimes mutually antagonistic, ways of using land. In principle, recreation has for many years been considered a natural resource. The Taylor Grazing Act of 1934, a federal law which created the multiple-use concept of public land, ordered that all land in the public domain be available to hunters and fishermen. In the past, however, the sporting use of land has often been the raggedy stepchild of grazing, lumber, oil and mining interests.

Today recreation is a "cash crop"—it has become big business in its own right. In 1959 not less than \$4 billion to \$5 billion was spent on outdoor recreation, including travel. For some regions of the country, outdoor recreation is the mainstay of their economy. Each year the recre-

ational use of land is becoming of greater economic importance.

The demands on U.S. land already are close to overwhelming. Huge and often magnificently landscaped tracts are needed to provide the watersheds on which cities hundreds of miles away depend for water. The same tracts are needed to satisfy the great demand for lumber and must also serve as grazing land. Recreation can never have exclusive claim to multiple-use land unless the land is of great scenic importance or the recreation value is considered by the public to be greater than other monetary uses. But the time has passed when recreation's claim on public land could be dismissed lightly.

The California plan holds wisely that the sporting use of land must be integrated wherever possible with commercial uses. To this end a series of multiple-use planning regions has been drawn up for the whole state which takes into account the areas' physiography and transportation facilities as well as trade and recreation characteristics.

The demands for timber, forage, water, oil and minerals have been

—Kenneth

THE CALIFORNIA PLANNERS are helped by Elmer Aldrich (left), executive director of the committee. His aides are (front row) Donald Sawyer, Kenneth Decker, Russell Porter, John B. Cowan and (back row) Fred Holmes, Robert N. Young, George

Vincent, Michael M. Kiely and Elmo Hoffman. These men are responsible for first general plan to develop an entire state for the enjoyment of its people. Their plan is based on systematic analysis of what sportsmen want now and in the future.



evaluated statistically over decades by assiduous commercial suppliers and cooperating governmental bureaus. But what is the demand for recreation? That it is high now and will rise sharply over the years to come no one has ever doubted. But how high is it likely to become?

Planner George Vincent found, first of all, that in California the automobile is the extra member of the family. In 1940 there were 314 cars per 1,000 people; there were 843 in 1958, and by 1980 there will be 426. Each car is used over 10,000 miles a year, and is leisure-oriented California social and recreational travel accounts for almost half of all travel.

That uniquely American phenomenon, the family which on a weekend afternoon jumps into the car and just drives for one or two hours, turned out to be the single largest segment of the outdoor public. In two statewide

surveys Planner William Yeomans found that "sightseeing and study" ranked either first or second in recreational interests. Generally families drive about 35 miles from home, aiming for a scenic area such as an overlook on the Angeles Crest Highway, a historic place such as a Spanish mission, or even a man-made marvel such as a bridge or dam. But even these modest recreational demands of the majority of the population will not be easy to meet in the future. Competition from housing subdivisions, agriculture and industry, and the problem of increasing traffic, will dramatically reduce such sightseeing opportunities. The California plan therefore offers detailed prescriptions which range from the preservation of scenic landscapes to the establishment of educational markers near historic sites within a 40-mile radius of the cities. It also endorses a scenic-recreational highway system with wayside facilities for rest, picnicking and camping. Such a system already is being sponsored by State Senator Fred Parr of Monterey, a legislator who is responsible for much of California's social conservation pioneering.

In a state where the climate and scenery naturally draw people into the outdoors it was to be expected that interest in sports and active leisure would loom large. Nevertheless, it came as a surprise to the planners just how footloose and active their constituents were and what great hopes they had for the future.

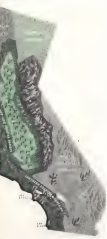
To make the best possible use of available land, the California planners employed a number of well-constructed surveys. Virtually every previous survey in recreation has been limited to "on-site" users: the questions were asked of people actually using a camping ground or reservoir. The Californians, with a great deal of volunteer help, did all of that, but in addition they went into peoples' homes and asked them how they spent their outdoor leisure. From these very careful studies the planners were able to analyze the behavior characteristics of different sporting groups. One of the most important planning concepts used involved the distance people are willing to travel to participate and how long they stay. Hunting and fishing are often lumped together, almost as if they represented a single outdoor interest. But the Californians found

HOW PLANNERS FORESEE NEED

The map at right represents an imaginary but typical piece of California geography, including a city and its suburbs, a state forest, a state park, a sizable lake and connecting highways. The chart below the map summarizes the behavior patterns of participants in 13 types of outdoor activity. Short-distance activities generally take precedence over such sports as hunting and camping for which people have proved themselves willing to travel. The problem, which recreational planning attempts to solve, is to relate the individual, and sometimes competing, demands of the participants, about 80% of whom live in the built-up areas, to the land on the map.

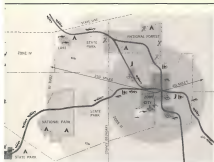
To accomplish this, the planners draw two concentric circles around the city. The city itself and its suburbs are labeled Zone 1. The recreation demand here comes from all age groups and ranges from swimming to the quiet enjoyment of a municipal park. It is primarily up to the municipality and private enterprise to take the steps necessary to acquire this land and develop it for such use. The land inside the first circle, Zone 2, is within 40 miles of the city. The need here is for less and more naturally developed open space, which will be used by people who want to spend a day riding, hiking, picnicking and fishing. Zone 2 extends 100 miles from the city. It belongs to weekenders families: campers, hunters, fishermen and sightseers. Zone 4, limited only by the areas of other cities, primarily attracts travelers with more time at their disposal.

Control of the land shown on this map lies in many hands. It is owned by individuals, municipalities, by the state and the federal governments. To achieve the objectives of the California plan, private owners must be given an incentive to open their land to the public, and government agencies, such as the U.S. Forest Service, which administer recreation areas, must work closely with state recreation officials. Only through such an overall approach can the enormous number of California sportsmen expected by 1980 be accommodated and existing areas be rescued from misuse—or ruin.



VARIOUS TERRAIN makes the state of California an ideal recreation planning area.

continued



	ACTIVITY	DISTANCE TRAVELED	DEMAND 1980	DEMAND 1990	FACILITIES NEEDED
	SIGHT-SEEING	40 miles	7.5 million	17 million	Scenic-recreational highway system. Preservation of natural and historic points of interest near cities.
	SNOW PLAYING	60 miles	3.7 million	8 million	Large cleared areas off highways with parking space and development of points of interest near cities. Figures are estimates.
	GOLF	5 to 6 miles	1 million		1980 demand depends on supply. An 18-hole course is ideally needed for each 25,000 population.
	OCEAN SWIMMING	2 to 100 miles	5 million	18 million	All of coastline should be publicly held. Development of upland areas for parking and recreational use.
	INLAND-WATER SWIMMING	25 miles	38 million	89 million	Additional access to public and private lakes, reservoirs. Packing facilities and pollution control. Figures in water days.
	FISHING	30 miles	2 million	8 million	30 miles is median travel distance for fishermen. Natural habitat improvement. Access to ocean and inland water.
	HIKING AND TRAILING	15 to 38 miles	4 to 5 million	18 million	Demand is in many water days. More needed and trail near cities.
	PICNICKING	up to 38 miles	28 million	71.8 million	Demand is in water-days. Development of additional scenic sites near cities and highways.
	TRAVEL AND VACATIONS	3 to 348 miles	71.8 billion miles	88 billion miles	Scenic-recreational highway system.
	SKIING	85 to 180 miles	1 million	7.5 million	Demand is in winter-days. Development of upper slopes and encouragement to provide facilities to develop new areas.
	HUNTING	180 to 400 miles	843 thousand	1.15 million	Number of hunters in 1980 depends on game supply. Better land management. Access to lands; more marshland.
	BOATING	15 miles	380 thousand	1.5 million	Figures are boats in use. Increased access to ocean and inland water; flooding of dry lake beds.
	CAMPING	75 to 175 miles	73 million	42 million	Demand is in summer-days. Improvement of present sites and new sites.



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**ON STAGE! PHIL HARRIS
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FIGURE 1. EFFECT OF HYPERCALCAEMIA ON THE SURVIVAL OF PATIENTS WITH BREAST AND BLADDER CANCER

William Clark

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CONSERVATION continued

that most fishermen do not travel more than 50 miles from their homes, whereas hunters are more willing to go 100 to 300 miles for their sport. Fishermen, therefore, should have first claim on land close to the cities which could be developed for either hunting or fishing but can accommodate only one. The behavior characteristics of 13 recreation activities, the plan's recommendation for each, and the user-resource-distance concept are summarized graphically in the box on page 71. Here are some of the planners' discoveries and prognostications for a few of the "major" outdoor sports.

BOATING is gaining so rapidly as a sport that if the present trend continues by 1980 every Californian will own five boats: 30 million Californians, probably: 150 million boats—well, hardly. Planner Elmo W. Huffman, the civil engineer who surveyed this sport, believes a realistic forecast would be a gain of about 800,000 boats over the 1958 total of 386,600. Even so, future skippers will be in trouble unless far more effective use can be made of existing lakes and reservoirs and unless the present sharp conflicts between boating and other water uses can be reconciled. If the revolutionary new jet boats (SE, Oct. 26) catch on, Huffman feels that by 1980 "we may be using dry lake beds, flooded only sufficiently to keep the dust down."

WINTER ACTIVITIES. "During the 1957-58 season nearly 5 million visits were made to California's ski and snow-play areas," reports Russell Porter, the planner who snowpooled through the drifts of winter statistics. It came as a surprise to Porter and his colleagues that skiers account for only one-fifth of those visits. What the planners labeled "snow players"—people who come for the sledding and just plain sightseeing—make up the other four-fifths. Important for the future development of snow areas is Porter's demonstration that the "snow players" are nearly all city dwellers on a day's outing, whereas the skiers come from afar and many of them stay overnight. This demonstrates an extremely important concept in social conservation planning: the need for development of relatively low-grade recreation areas near

the cities which will take pressure off scenic or spectacularly developed areas. Given romping room near the cities, the snow players eager only for a little fresh air would stay out of the skiers' way.

California at present has more than 70 recognized ski areas, ranging from single rope-tow operations to luxurious resorts. For the current crop of skiers these facilities are ample, except, ironically, for a shortage of parking space. But by 1980 there will be heavy deficiencies, especially in the Southern Sierra Nevada and South Coastal Mountains. To offset this, the plan calls for the development of the upper slopes of present ski resorts and the government's encouragement of private capital in the development of new areas (most suitable ski sites are within the U.S. national forest system). Where private investment seems unlikely, the state itself is urged to develop ski facilities on suitable state and federal lands.

GOLF. "Every fourth adult in this room," Planner Michael Kiehl recently told an audience, "has golled at least once in his lifetime." But in California golf is rapidly becoming a young man's game: one out of every eight young people "has become devoted to the game and plays at least once a month." To urbanites (golfers travel only five to six miles from the city), California offers 304 courses—72 government-owned, 102 public and 130 private clubs. Kiehl estimates that golfers need one 18-hole course for each population cluster of 25,000 people. By 1980, if no additional courses are built, there will be a long wait at the tee. California will have only one course for each 100,000 people. The prospects could be even dimmer, however, because urbanization taxes the private and public clubs out of existence.

Golf clubs all over the country are primary targets for adjoining housing developments, which lean heavily on their scenic charm and prestige. Short-sighted tax assessors often dun these clubs almost as heavily as the surrounding built-up areas, claiming their land has risen in market value. Clubs have had to sell out, and their courses have been bulldozed and built over. The result is that the value of the older development has dropped and eventually so will its tax base. An intelligent county administration

continued

would apply to golf and other land-holding clubs a system similar to the lumber industry's stumpage tax. This allows timber owners a very low tax on standing trees and demands a fat one when they harvest their timber. A golf course should be heavily taxed only when and if it sells out to a developer. As Michael Kiely put it: "It has value that lift the tone of the community."

SWIMMING. Nearly 90% of California's population, over 13 million people, live within 100 miles of the Pacific Coast, yet only one-fourth of its beaches are publicly owned, and most of those beaches can be reached only by crossing private property. The demand by 1980 will be three times greater than the presently developed beach land. Creating public access across private land to public beaches, lakes and forests and developing the necessary parking facilities are two very important factors in opening up additional recreational land. But the pressures on beach land are so great that Aldrich believes "the placement of the entire coastline of California in public ownership is indicated in the state, if not the national interest."

HUNTING. Planner John B. Cowan found the most sought-after game are deer and pheasant. Within 20 years, 300,000 hunters, twice as many as today, will be bringing in a maximum foreseeable harvest of 250,000 deer. But a maximum harvest cannot be counted on without better access to hunting areas, less crowding of hunters, properly regulated taking of either-sex game and improved management of the deer herd.

The total annual pheasant bag is now about 350,000 wild birds, of which 70% are taken during the first three days of the season. City hunters travel 100 to 400 miles, and by 1980 nearly half a million of them may be gassing for what birds are available.

Access to public land is a major problem. Much of the public domain in the western states consists of large and small pockets ringed by private or leased land. Edward Woodley, Director of the Bureau of Land Management, the federal agency that administers the public domains, is currently stumping the western states in a highly persuasive attempt to open up this public land to hunters and fishermen. He is doing this by clearly

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posting public land and "swapping" land rights to gain access. If need be, he can act through condemnation.

FISHING. "California has 15,000 miles of streams, 8,600 lakes, 980 reservoirs, 10,000 farm ponds and 1,200 miles of coastline," proudly reports Cowan. These great resources are used by about 2 million fishermen today, a number that will double within 20 years. The fish forecast: enough black bass, catfish and pan fishes but a short supply of trout, stripers, steelhead and salmon. The supply of salt-water fish is promising, but here again access to the ocean is a problem. John Cowan's recommendations range from the construction of access roads to the provision of launching ramps, piers and breakwaters.

RIDING AND HIKING. Recreation Planner Donald Lawry's study of the number of riders and available trails gives some indication of the thoroughness of the California plan's surveys. Lawry enlisted the help of some 11,000 equestrians who volunteered 7,500 man-hours of work. Their census shows a quarter of a million privately owned horses and another 17,000 rental horses. The state offers almost 18,000 miles of riding and hiking trails. This gives California almost as many horses as boats and more miles of trails than state highways. Unfortunately, most trails are too far away from the cities to be used fully. In far northern California the annual use is only 9 to 15 man-days per mile, whereas in the Los Angeles basin and neighboring mountains the annual use is about 6,900 man-days per mile. The need for additional trails is therefore clearly near the cities.

It is one of the fundamentals of Elmer Aldrich's thinking that "recreation should be provided near the community because of the needs of the low-mobility groups"—i.e. the snow players, sightseers, golfers and picnickers. Other authorities are in complete agreement with Aldrich.

"Quite ordinary land can be made into attractive and useful recreation land," says Marion Clawson, director of studies in land use and management of Resources for the Future, Inc. "Relatively low-grade farm and forest land can be converted into quite respectable park areas, given a little

work and time. Rolling hills, especially if tree-covered, with interspersed [artificial] lakes may be less inspirational than the Grand Tetons, but they will satisfy many users at least most of the time."

Past conservation thinking has been on the whole too grandiose. Too many conservationists, nothing less than solitary communion with nature in magnificent landscapes was really acceptable. But the desires of a majority of people are much more humble. A day's outing in the car, a look at a "pretty" view, a picnic and a little herding around on a lake or in



FRANCIS SARGENT, director of federal outdoor commission, shows off stripers.

the snow—this satisfies their needs admirably.

Under the California plan, the cities themselves must assume primary responsibility for the recreation of their residents, even if the facilities are a considerable distance from the city. For example, the city of San Diego would be responsible for the upkeep of a camp well outside city limits if San Diego people were its almost exclusive users.

A most important recommendation of the Public Outdoor Recreation Plan Group is the creation of a system of Inter-County Regional Agencies. These would essentially be recreation regions, with the authority to tax their residents, directly or indi-

rectly. It will be the responsibility of these Inter-County Regional Agencies to provide opportunities for the enjoyment of the outdoors in Zone 2 (see box page 72)—which means such sporting opportunities as fishing, swimming, boating and riding, all within an hour's drive of the cities.

To this new regional government belongs the vital responsibility of green-belt zoning and the preservation of open spaces. This, of course, is all-important in curbing urban sprawl, the plague of prosperity, from which California suffers almost as severely as the more industrialized East Coast. Here California already has made a start through the judicious use of zoning, subdivision planning and "assessments."

"With an easement," explains William H. Whyte Jr., the guiding editor of *The Exploding Metropolis*, "instead of buying a man's property, the way land is bought for parks, the community buys only a right in the property. The property still belongs to the owner, but he cannot sell it for subdivision."

THE VISITING PROBLEM

The bright future for weekend and vacation sports—such as skiing, fishing, hunting and major sightseeing trips—lies in such federal landholding agencies as the national parks and forests, the public domain and the land administered by the Army Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation. These agencies are eager to cooperate, but one of the great drains on their budgets is supplying day-use recreation to local people. The primary concern of these "great agencies" should be to accommodate people who "stay" rather than "visit." Dr. Marion Clawson fears that "many visitors to many national parks now regard them as little more than glorified parkways." Clawson argues that the national parks, which already are unbelievably overcrowded, should adapt their lands to provide a richer, more emotional and intellectual experience rather than hustle visitors along sewer and better roads.

The final, and a most important, role in the conservation of land and water belongs to the state. It should be the principal coordinator at all levels of government. In California, as in all other states, the responsibility

continued



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL FRANKLIN FOR LIFE. HOTEL LA CONCHA, PUERTO RICO

How to make a perfect Daiquiri in one minute flat

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who learned how at La Concha in Puerto Rico)

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for the conservation and development of the land is now divided among a multiplicity of departments, boards, agencies, counties, cities and districts.

California has at least 15 major state agencies directly or indirectly concerned with recreation. There are 72 boards and commissions to advise them. This managerial superstructure serves 58 counties, 350 cities and 2,860 districts, all of whom have tax powers and therefore opinions of their own. The need is obvious for one state agency to coordinate and help plan for all outdoor recreation facilities and services.

As supplier, the California plan proposes that the state concern itself with providing overnight, weekend and vacation facilities where there are most needed or where the land is at its best. Lastly, it advocates a program of acquiring land which can be earmarked for future use. After all, a master plan is valueless if the land it seeks to put to use is already ruined.

NEXT: LEGISLATION

This is the heart of California's plan for its future. It is sound, hard-headed social conservation planning. Within the next months the committee will present to the legislature a follow-up study which details the financial and administrative moves necessary to translate the plan into practical accomplishments. Legislative approval is, of course, needed for almost every major provision of the plan, and in some cases it may be hard to get. But the chances of favorable action look good—and so does the future of California and social conservation.

The California plan is an outstanding achievement within social conservation because it takes as its point of departure the needs of people. On the whole, conservation thinking of the past has been based on the preservation of nature for its own sake. There have, however, been exceptions, and the most notable are the conservation activities of the Rockefeller family, especially those of John D. Rockefeller Jr., which go back some 90 years. The long roster of his achievements—the restoration of Colonial Williamsburg, the acquisition of Acadia National Park and

Jackson Hole Preserve and his great contributions to virtually every national park in the country—is in itself enormously impressive.

When he was asked some time ago by a longtime associate for an estimate of what he had spent on the conservation of scenic and historic America, "Mr. Junior," as he is known to his close associates, replied that he had kept no accounts, but he thought it might be around \$100 million. If Rockefeller seemed casual about his expenditures, in every other detail he has been meticulous. His has not been the scattered largesse of a very rich man but the considered expression of a lifetime of pioneering thought and action.

What has often been called the "Rockefeller approach" to conservation simply means that, for Rockefeller, people are the factor motivating conservation, that he believes nature was created for man's enjoyment.

It seems only appropriate that when in 1958 Congress created a federal commission—the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission—to examine the country's recreational needs and resources, John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s son Laurence, one of America's most outstanding and effective conservationists in his own right, should have been chosen to head it.

Laurence Rockefeller described his mandate, which includes completion of the commission's work by September 3, 1961, to the Committee on Appropriations as follows: "The commission is an independent, fact-finding body established to advise the Congress and the President on the expected recreational needs of the American people in 1975 and 2000. Our problem is to relate these anticipated needs to the resources available to meet them and to recommend appropriate programs and policies to this end. The responsibilities of the commission are distinguished from those of the permanent agencies in this field since we are required to consider all resources, federal and state, public and private, and to appraise present programs and activities in the context of emerging trends and potential opportunities."

The commission itself was composed of four Senators: Clinton P. Dawson of New Mexico; Henry C. Dwyer of Idaho; Thomas E. Martin of Iowa; and, until his recent

continued

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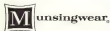
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CONSERVATION *continued*

death, Richard L. Neuberger of Oregon; four members of the House, Representatives Collier, Ploet, Saylor and Ullman; and seven citizens, including Chairman Rockefeller, appointed by the President.

For the execution of what might seem an almost overwhelming task, the commission obtained an excellent staff, with Francis W. Sargent as the executive director. Sargent, a youthful, busy New Englander, tanned from a life spent outdoors, had built up a fine reputation in his native Massachusetts. His first appointment was as Director of Marine Fisheries, an industry vital to Massachusetts. Both to orient himself and to placate those trawler captains who considered him merely a "sport fisherman," he shipped out with a Boston trawler and learned how to split and clean haddock and how to stow fish. He also learned of something that had long concerned the crew: sometimes the trawlers destroyed four-fifths of their catch, keeping only those fish large

enough to market profitably. Sargent had an opportunity to put the knowledge of this waste to use when he was appointed to the International Commission for the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries. Against considerable opposition, he helped facilitate the adoption of a wider-meshed net which would enable the small, unmarketable fish to escape, saving millions of them every year for later harvesting.

A MAN WHO THINKS BIG

In 1955 Sargent was appointed Commissioner of Natural Resources for Massachusetts and, acting on the critical shortage of public recreation land in one of the country's most densely populated states, he recommended the acquisition of 157 areas, including parks, forests and beaches, over a 20-year period, at an estimated cost of \$160 million. The legislature, accustomed to petitions for park improvements amounting to perhaps \$5,000, listened in astonishment. Because his recommendations included the right of eminent domain to obtain access to land, some of his friends

*'Someone has to
hold up his hand'*

DURING A RECENT meeting of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission, Senator Clinton Anderson of New Mexico, one of the ablest and most outspoken federal legislators, took time to consider informally the role of the Federal Government in acquiring land. "Here are some cold facts in trying to see that things are preserved. It always seems to come back to the Federal Government," Senator Anderson said. "What advantage is it to that little community in Indiana to have its dunes taken over and preserved for posterity? They'd like to see a factory there! 'Why save the dunes for the city of Chicago?' they say. 'We want a factory.' There is only one agency that is able to step in between Indiana and Illinois and

say, 'These must be preserved! They are about to disappear! That is the Federal Government. Roads are getting better; people can travel farther, and somebody, I think, ought to assert this claim on behalf of all the people for future recreation needs.'

"You need a claimant. You need somebody whose responsibility it is to come in and ask for things. I think generally speaking there ought to be some federal agency whose job it is to put in a claim on behalf of the people every time there is available a piece of land suitable for recreation.

"Right now a piece of ground is being disposed of out in the West. Every agency is going to get a crack at that. Does the Department of Commerce want it? Does Interior want it? Does Agriculture want it? There's got to be somebody whose job it is to stand up and say positively: 'I want to claim that little bit of land for recreation.'



and associates called him a "socialist and worse." Sargent was not dismayed. To carry his point he traveled up and down the state, speaking almost every day to audiences ranging from tweedy tea-drinkers to Falmouth fishermen. His energy, sincerity and persuasive array of facts turned the tide, and the substance of his recommendations was adopted.

Francis Sargent obviously has extraordinary qualifications for the formidable task ahead. He will need them. In the same length of time that was spent on the Massachusetts inventory he is instructed to complete a nationwide inventory, including a report on the potentials of all public and private land and the ability of specific areas to meet mounting pressures. Among his many assignments is an "objective study" of the wilderness areas, a field noted principally for highly subjective claims and totally diverse viewpoints.

To keep the political and economic realities of multiple use constantly in mind, the commission has chosen an advisory group of 25 people. They

represent wide geographic distribution and diverse interests. They include, for example, Cattlemen A. D. Brownfield of New Mexico; David L. Francis, president of a coal concern in West Virginia; Joseph E. McCaffrey of the International Paper Company of Alabama; and Harvey O. Banks, director of Water Resources in California; as well as such eminent conservationists as Horace Albright, DeWitt Nelson, Ira N. Gabrielson and Kenneth Charley.

Since their charter demands that they must report on the effectiveness of operations now in action, the 14 federal agencies and manifold state agencies concerned with recreation have been eyeing the commission warily lest these recommendations should be expressed in that dreaded word: "reorganization."

This fear has been handled with diplomacy. The commission has consistently emphasized its position as an objective study group and so far it has spent more time and attention on exploring ways to utilize the

continued

'Community needs are the most urgent'

AS CHAIRMAN of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission, Laurence Rockwell must examine the conservation responsibilities of every level of government. "The wise and intelligent use of leisure time is a matter of major national concern and interest," says Rockwell. "To a remarkable extent outdoor recreation is something that all people share and share alike."

"Providing adequate outdoor recreation must be approached on regional, state and community bases, as well as on a federal level. But the greatest urgency concerns those open spaces that are required on the community level. It is here that we are faced with immediate need, because no replacement or substitution will be possible

once the areas are lost to other purposes. Here a community awareness must be created.

"Leadership on such matters at the local level is sometimes quite difficult to find, because the need for a factory, or a real-estate development, may appear to overshadow the need for open space. The problem of what to do has been answered in a number of cases. For example, local outdoor sportsmen, civic groups, garden clubs, as well as recreationally minded individuals have provided leadership by concerted action in informing the public as to what issues are involved and what steps must be taken.

"Such action as this, coupled with recreational programs similar to those made by California and New York and the national review being conducted by the ORRRC, will help not only to understand our problems but provide the keys to their solution."



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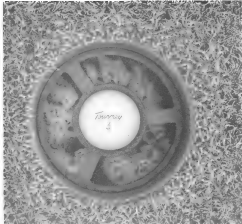
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CONSERVATION *continued*

three-fourths of the country's land that is privately owned. The commission is investigating such incentives to private landowners as subsidies, tax remissions, leases and habitat improvements in return for the use of their land.

The report is not due for more than a year, and in the meantime the commission is occupied by a complex program of analysis and interpretation. The recommendations which will result from this will represent the commission's best judgment as to the policies and programs which should be adopted in the area of recreation land in the best interests of the American people—now and in the generations to follow.

Ultimately, however, it is up to the American people themselves to decide what they want to make of their lives and their country. Arnold Toynbee, the great English historian, concluded that a score of civilizations declined through "failure of self-determination." What he meant was that great countries which have established a way of life for others to follow lose their sense of purpose and drift toward goals not of their own choosing.

Today some pessimistic visionaries foresee a totally urbanized and industrialized America that will be an alarming caricature of the founder's original purpose, which was to allow all citizens the pursuit of happiness by making their burdens lighter. But there are other men, of greater sense, who believe we can learn to spend our newly acquired leisure to the profit both of ourselves and of the nation. How successful we are in this will depend in large measure on how soon and how well we learn to apply the concepts of social conservation to our land.

END

ABOUT THIS SERIES

New York State has a program aimed at the acquisition of land for recreation and sports. In an early issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Henry Romney will discuss and evaluate it. Any reader interested in the California plan can obtain a well-illustrated copy of the study by writing to the Documents Section, State Printing Plant, Sacramento. The price is less than \$5.

CRAZY DAY AT CROSLY FIELD

For over 70 years Cincinnati's citizens have greeted each new baseball season with a bang, and last year was no exception

by JAMES A. MAXWELL

OPENING DAY engenders the same intense, passionate interest and rich sentimentality in Cincinnati as the Kentucky Derby does in Louisville. Admittedly, certain out-of-town cynics, who follow the National League pennant race with overly dispassionate eyes, have referred to Cincinnati's annual renaissance of hope as a form of self-hypnosis, similar to that practiced by Indian fire walkers. This viewpoint, however, could only be held by someone with the soul of a statistician and is, therefore, unworthy of consideration.

To be in Cincinnati in the weeks just before the first baseball game of the season is to regain belief in the resiliency of man. This is the time of reborn faith, when all previous disappointments and frustrations are forgotten and confidence in the future glows with pristine beauty. For Cincinnatians, Opening Day is the unfailingly effective spring tonic for the weary spirit.

As the great day approaches, bits of gossip from the Reds' training camp are gathered, repeated and magnified with childlike faith in the improbable. The rookie outfielder is reported to hit like Williams, run like Cobb and field like Mays. The pitcher Cincinnati received on waivers from St. Louis is said to have completely regained the form which made him famous a decade ago and to be currently baffling the finest batters in the Grapefruit League. Last year two Cincinnati sluggers who were supposed to break the hearts of the seven competing teams had some difficulty maintaining .250 averages, but now, rumor has it, they're corrected the minor flaws in stance and swing, and balls are sailing over fences with awe-inspiring regularity.

Even the most knowing fans—and Cincinnati has a larger percentage of true baseball aficionados than any other city in the country—are caught up in the wave of optimism. Only someone with the sadistic impulses of a Caligula would point out that the same kinds of folk tales were being told the previous year and that, if history serves as a guide, the rookie outfielder will be back in the Pacific Coast League by June, the retired pitcher will, on the average, take his shower in the fourth inning of every game he starts and the two sluggers will again cause a minimum of insomnia among managers of opposing clubs.

The baseball fever mounts and stories become more and more glow-

ing as the Reds start their trek northward. Meanwhile, at the club's offices in the Union Central Building in Cincinnati, a frantic but happy scene is being played. A politician pleads that hara-kiri is the only alternative course for him if he fails to provide two extra tickets for a big campaign contributor. A fan who has not missed an Opening Day in 30 years explains that he was desperately ill when tickets first went on sale and implores the box office not to blemish his record of attendance. A businessman claims that only a pair of grandstand seats will save the account which is life or death for his firm.

Although all the reserved-seat sections could easily be sold out a year in advance—an enormous number of boxes are held on a year-after-year basis by various companies and by families who pass the privilege down from father to son—the management tries to maintain the good will of the fans by using a quota system to keep tickets out of the hands of scalpers. A sell-out for the game is as automatic as for the first night of a Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, even if the team finished at the bottom of the league in the previous season.

This curious, but highly profitable, devotion of the fans to the annual debut of the team has given Cincinnati a unique privilege in the National League. The Reds are the only team in the circuit that always plays its first game at home. The fiscal reason for granting this prerogative is obvious. Although Cincinnati is the second-smallest city in the nation with a major league franchise and Crosley Field is the smallest ball park in the National League, the crowds drawn by the Reds on Opening Days are always among the largest in the country.

Two days before the opening game last year I stopped in to see Gabie Paul, general manager of the Reds, to find if the annual pattern was



CROSLY FIELD CROWDS UP EXTREMELY in outfield to handle Opening Day crowd.

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CRAZY DAY *Jack Curtis*

being repeated. It obviously WAS. In the outer office two overwrought young women were courageously attempting to cope with a switchboard which was lit up like a jukebox. Clerks scurried from office to office at a pace somewhere between a trot and a canter. One man opened the door of his office, took one look at the host of waiting visitors, muttered "Oh" in a stricken voice and rebarbarded himself in his lair.

When I finally was ushered into Gabe Paul's office, he was talking to someone on the telephone. He waved me to a chair as he continued to explain with the soothing tact of a career diplomat why the urgent request for a box just above the Reds' dugout could not possibly be honored. When the conversation ended, I offered my sympathy on the ordeal he was undergoing.

"You don't offer condolences to a prospector who's working his tail off shoveling gold into a wheelbarrow," he said with a benign smile. "This problem I'd like to have for every game of the season."

"Full house?" I asked.

"Full house, over 22,000 including those 4,800 temporary seats we'll have in the outfield for this one game," he said. He frowned. "The pitchers hate those extra seats—every long fly becomes a ground-rule double—but when we talked about not using them one year, the fans were ready to organize a lynch mob. Pitchers, like other artists, must suffer," he added with a not unhappy sigh.

Even this brief exchange was interrupted as often by the telephone that I began to feel like a referee trying to converse with one of the participants in a prizefight. As I rose to leave, I wished Paul luck in the forthcoming game.

For the first time his face became solemn. "Just say a small prayer that it doesn't rain," he said. "If we had to honor all those rain checks..." He shuddered.

As a baseball man with, presumably, a total, unquestioning faith in percentages, Paul had little reason to fear. The Reds played their first National League opening game in Cincinnati in 1876 and, with the exception of 1877, the team has begun all other seasons at home. Only twice

during all of these years has weathered a postponement. This astonishing record of benevolent behavior on the part of the elements may explain, in part, why the natives have such a strong, mystical feeling about their spring rice.

When I left Paul's office, I walked around town to observe the impact of the forthcoming game upon the commerce of Cincinnati. Each of the large department stores and many of the small shops had one or more window displays devoted to baseball. Festoons of red pennants decorated almost all establishments. Miniature bats, bats and gloves were being combined in arrangements with carnations, roses and other flora at Jones The Florist. Numerous offices and places of business bore cards notifying the public of a noon closing hour on Opening Day. Local courts also close at noon, and all Cincinnati public high schools dismiss pupils for the afternoon.

The day before the game, I went to Crosley Field. The newly painted seats and stands, the geometric perfection of the seemingly lacquered infield, the straight, white foul lines, the lush, vivid green of the outfield—all gleaming under a bright, warm April sun were as oddly stirring as that moment before the curtain rises on a highly anticipated play.

"Doesn't look too bad," said Matty Schwall, who has been park superintendent since 1903. Matty and his father, John, are the only two superintendents the Reds have ever had. But even after Matty retires there is little likelihood that the clan's connection with baseball will end. Matty's younger brother, Leonard, is in charge of the Crosley playing field and Matty's grandson, Mike Dolan, works with the maintenance crew in the stands. In addition, Matty Jr., who was trained in Cincinnati, is supervisor of the Giants' park in San Francisco.

Matty took me on a tour around the infield, and afterward I went below the stands to see Bill Schwartz, the concession manager at Crosley Field. Bill was surrounded by cases of candy, soft drinks, cigars, cigarettes, beer and similar items—enough, it seemed to me, to stock all of the post exchanges in the U.S. Army at home and abroad.

"We'll have a hungry, thirsty, exhausted

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smoking crowd tomorrow," Bill said. "We'll sell tons of hot dogs and bratwurst, fish sticks, shrimp and hamburger and who knows how many peanuts. There'll be 250 uniformed vendors working in the stands, plus all the girls who do the cooking at the counters underneath the stands. I figure we'll sell about 15,000 score cards, maybe a couple thousand of the *Reds* Yearbooks that cost 20¢ each and a thousand souvenir caps and hats."

"How about the beer?" I asked. "This is supposed to be a beer-drinking town."

"It sure is," he said. "If the vendors sell 38,400 bottles, that's way over one apiece for every adult who'll be here. If it's hot, we'll top that figure. Of course, if it's cold, we may sell a few less."

After leaving the ball park, I drove to the northern section of the downtown area to see how the Findlay Market merchants were coming along with their plans. The program parade of this association of store owners and operators of open stalls has been an integral part of Opening Day ceremonies in Cincinnati for 49 years and I wanted to make certain that the tradition would be continued.

"They can't start the game until Findlay Market opens," Chester A. Lathrop, chairman of the 1959 and 1960 programs said proudly. Lathrop, who has been proprietor of a drugstore on the square for 35 years, poured coffee for us at the soda fountain and then joined me in one of the booths. I asked him how the annual custom had started.

"We're all red-hot fans around here," he said, "and right after World War I, we decided to go to the Opening Game in a body. Each year we try to do something a little different. Last year we all carried gas-filled balloons. This year we'll all be wearing red carnations. In addition to our band, the mayor and a flock of judges, there'll probably be about 200 of us in the procession this year. That's almost our entire membership. We start from here at 12:30 tomorrow and parade all the way to the ball park. Takes about an hour. We draw good crowds, too. Did you know that all the grade schools along the route let the kids out to watch us pass? When we get out to the park, we and the band march all the way around the outfield and assemble at home plate for the ceremonies." He shook his head. "Yes, sir, it's a big day. I can tell you."

It was, too. The Redlegs won 4-1. But that was last year.



OPENING DAY CEREMONIES INCLUDE PRESENTATION OF FLORAL SIGN TO GAME PAL

19TH HOLE The readers take over

WORLD OF THE NEGRO BALLPLAYER

See:

The *Private World of the Negro Ballplayer* (SI, March 23), is a welcome oasis in a desert of the usual superficial, sentimental coverage of Negro and white relationships in sports. We, father and son, are happy to see that a popular magazine like *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is leading the way with a serious, sociological analysis of the professional and personal problems of the Negro ballplayer.

However, certain clarifications are in order.

1) Mr. Boyle states that most of the Negro ballplayers are "race men" who prefer to keep away from the whites. This is not quite accurate. Students of race relations have noted the tendency of minority-group individuals to withdraw into a kind of "protective insulation" because of the fear of rebuff and the uncertainty of acceptance in social relationships. This is an understandable human reaction to an ambiguous situation.

2) The generalization that Negro entertainers seem to be more accommodating and more accepting of segregation practices as compared to more militant race men in the baseball world needs qualification. Compare, for instance, the militant Lena Horne in the entertainment world with the accommodating Roy Campanella in the baseball world. Another factor here may be the fact that Negro entertainers usually perform before white audiences whereas Negro ballplayers have the support of mixed audiences.

3) When Jackie Robinson first broke into the big leagues, most Negroes became Dodge fans because he was the only Negro ballplayer at that time. Now there is a more wholesome division of interest among Negroes in all the clubs. This is based on loyalty to an individual rather than to race alone.

4) Because Negro ballplayers are no longer a novelty and are taken for granted, many fans do not "see" a Puerto Rican in left field but rather Orlando Cepeda; they do not "see" a Negro in center field but the great Willie Mays.

Perhaps in time the wholesome fraternity we now see on the ball field will be extended to other areas of interpersonal relations among ballplayers. Robert Boyle's very helpful article helps to hasten such a day.

ALEX ROSEN
FRANK HIRSH

Council on Social Work Education
New York City

See:

By exposing and upholding the Negro ballplayer as a breed apart you have recently fertilized the bad seeds which exist in many minds. The Negro professional man will obviously be a "racefire"

in the minds of many instead of the normal, educated individual he is.

The professional ballplayer, Negro or white, is quite different from the normal American. The nature of his job and his preoccupation with it make him so. This difference is, of course, enhanced by the peculiar position the professional athlete holds in the mind of the sporting public. The Negro athletes from the beginning to the defensive. You mentioned that there are only 12 Negroes out of approximately 400 major leaguers. Growing up in a white man's world and being a "Number Two" citizen force him to be a "race man" merely to preserve his identity as an individual.

Your article is a damning criticism of organized baseball. The whole country is involved in a civil rights struggle which will obviously be a major issue in the forthcoming presidential campaign. Now you present facts which prove a sport which is idolized by countless millions promotes the principle of "separate but equal," which was ruled against by the Supreme Court in 1954. The situation is further disturbing when one realizes the extent to which sports influence our public values, especially among the young.

J. PHILIP PARK
The Institute on the Church
in Corporate Society
United Presbyterian Church

Detroit

See:

Does every event have to have "race" written into it? One gets a little fed up on Althea Gibson's or Billie Jean's problems; do you think Jerry West or Lee Shaffer never had any?

My whole point is a plea for tolerance, but in both directions, please, and don't try so hard to write something into a situation when that something didn't exist until you put it there.

Here's hoping for more sports coverage and less psychological analysis.

CAROL P. HENNINGER
Statesville, N.C.

See:

The American Negro has resigned himself to defeat in the struggle to be recognized as a human being and strives only to be recognized by the world as an "American Negro." The low status and unique regard attributed to this position is passively accepted by the American Negro. The conscious and/or unconscious cognition of this leads him to forget that he is first and foremost a human being. Becoming demoralized, appointing a group ruler and setting up a unique vernacular and a code of behavior only enhance the definition of the position the American

continued



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10TH HOLE reloaded

Negro has put himself in. It appears to me, that the foreign Negro, to gain significance, seeks acceptance as a ballplayer and not as a Negro ballplayer. Also, I conclude that the American Negro has used the field of sports too much (and very few sports at that) in his struggle to attain a higher status. What of education, medicine, the political sciences, the arts and other cultural fields of endeavor? The American Negro is always seeking the rapid method of attaining success and position, and this status he attains is not on the same level with his fellows and is treated by them with an odd consideration.

To enlighten him, I have this to say: Change your perception of the situation and refuse to accept defeat, for your struggle for acceptance and recognition has just begun.

CHARLES BARONE

New York City

Sirs:

So much for the million-dollar inferiority complex of our Negro ballplayers (81, March 23). Mr. Boyle deserves praise for his brilliant research and fine article, although it did turn out to be a rather sad commentary on the way the average Negro mind apparently works.

This "Majestic Knights of the Sea" type of disquisition is ridiculously immature, and I find it extremely disgusting. If I were a big league ballplayer (I am a Negro and proudly so) and "Big Daddy" Croese walked up to me and scratched his little ear-ape as he did to Finney, I am sure I would have politely as possible (Croese is a big man, you know) told him I needed no unsolicited father-away-from-father.

Perhaps it is because each man, as an individual, doesn't have capabilities to build and maintain his own personal little shield that he clings under the mass umbrella. There is a great deal to be gained in sticking together, but there is only negligible gain to be found in a clique that demands blind loyalty.

I'll not be quite as naive as the ill-fated Jackie Robinson, but I do think race consciousness is outrageously over-stressed among the athletes. It is time the Negro athlete grew up enough to realize that the very defense mechanism he uses against his natural enemy, "them people," makes him for ridicule. He doesn't need a big daddy who lays down the laws of the class, unless he happens to be a hamster. Cliques are only for those who cannot think for themselves.

Big daddy may act as the best intentions, but they really aren't needs. I thank God for that army of generals in the Giant camp. Men, they are obviously, they all know how to speak for themselves and think beyond the 17-year-old stage.

Getting back to this Croese-groiled group, may I ask what they are trying to get over to Mr. Boyle? Are they laughing or grinning or both? I noted an unfortunately typical attitude of the Negro player in the article. They apparently don't know what they really want. How

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any intelligent group (and here may lie the crux of the matter) can speak glowingly of its cleanliness and its contempt for the Nigger Once one moment and then do an about-face and grouse about having its lockers all in a row because "it seems that clubhouse attendants stress 'togetherness' too much." Is beyond the comprehension of this 21-year-old.

The over-all attitude in the article pointed up one glaring flaw in some Negroes' personalities. They need thicker skins. Being easily offended, over-sensitive, and having a neighborhood chip on the shoulder must make living pretty miserable. It must certainly sets one apart.

Incidentally, I say send Professor Frutkin's theory of the Negro "bourgeoisie elite" straight to the devil along with all the webber of other meaningless labels perpetrated by quasi experts. I also say "too-a-much" to Mr. Mal Goode's attitude concerning the comment about NAACP. Thank God, that sometimes great organization does stir up trouble. I shout "Viva" to the little anthropology professor who didn't stand up when the hallplayer-god walked in. I'm a baseball fan, and I'll be damned if I'd rise at the entrance of any hallplayer, black, white or green with stripes. Shame on Howard U.'s guilty faculty members.

You may deduce correctly by this time that I do not like "race men" who beg the question of the U.S. racial situation, and I don't like caustic riders. Head-saddlers, if you please. Therefore, here is one "dub member" in very poor standing, probably, because I happen to pick friends, not according to what color they are, but because we hit it off together rather well. I've discovered we all bleed red, and I'm not the least bit shy to point up the fact in any company.

So really, fellas, you ought to bark up a bit and come out of the womb. The breeze is fine out here, and nobody cares whether your hair blows or not. The ones who do aren't important enough or intelligent enough to be noted about anyway.

NORRIS LOCKMAN

Kennett Square, Pa.

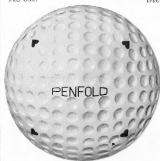
Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed reading your article on the Negro in baseball. I enjoyed it, first, because I am a Negro and, secondly, because I am an athlete. Your article touched on many of the problems of the American Negro in athletics today. On our basketball team here at the University of Kansas this past season we had four Negro boys on the traveling squad, and next year there will be six and possibly seven. I am sure that everyone who read your article could not fail to be enlightened on the color problem. The one thing which seems most important to me is the quota of Negro athletes in sports, generally speaking. If a boy is good it shouldn't make any difference what color he is, and if the best nine players happen to be Negro, Chinese, Russian, or Mexican, I think that they should be the ones to play. Congratulations on a very informative and well-written article.

BUTCH MYERS

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Pat on the Back



CHARLES J. O'CONNELL

'I had to get out of the house'

"I'VE never worked harder than since I retired," says Charles J. O'Connell, who is a chipper, hearty 71. Five years ago O'Connell, then an assistant vice-president of New York Life, retired after 50 years' service. But O'Connell continued to serve. "I was afraid I'd die on the vine," he says. "I had to get out of the house." He devoted himself to handball, a game he began playing with a nickel ball against a bulkhead at Brighton Beach, Brooklyn in 1966.

O'Connell, who is chairman of the National AAU Handball Committee,

is called The Father of One-wall Handball. O'Connell's latest baby is three-wall handball, a game of his origination, which is played on a court with one side wall. There are, at present, five of these courts in New York City. O'Connell (shown above on one in Central Park) feels the advantages of the new three-wall game are that it allows for many of the tricky, difficult shots of four-wall handball, yet permits ample spectator participation. And O'Connell's baby is growing; he has got letters from a dozen park commissions asking for details.



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